* July 27, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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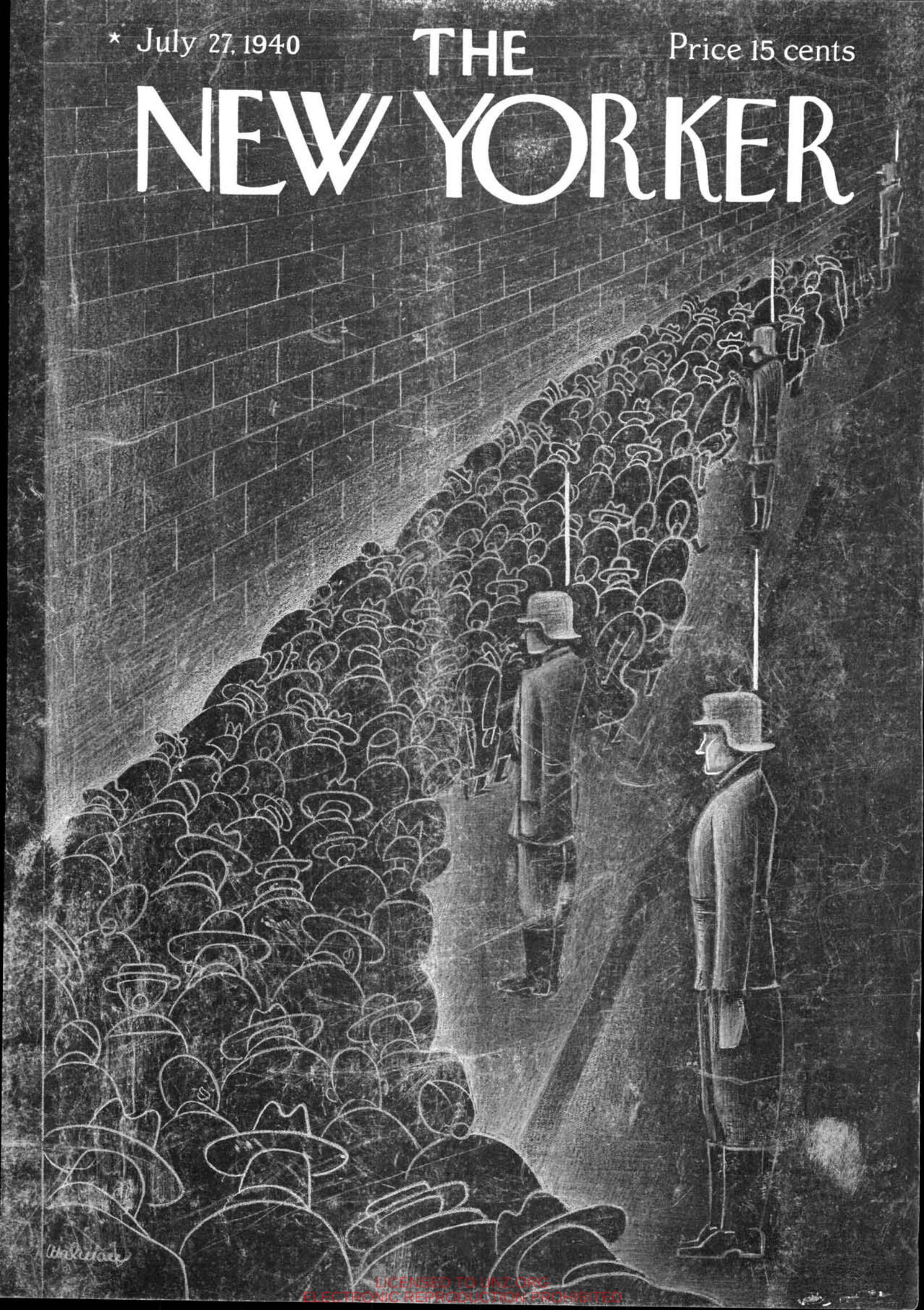

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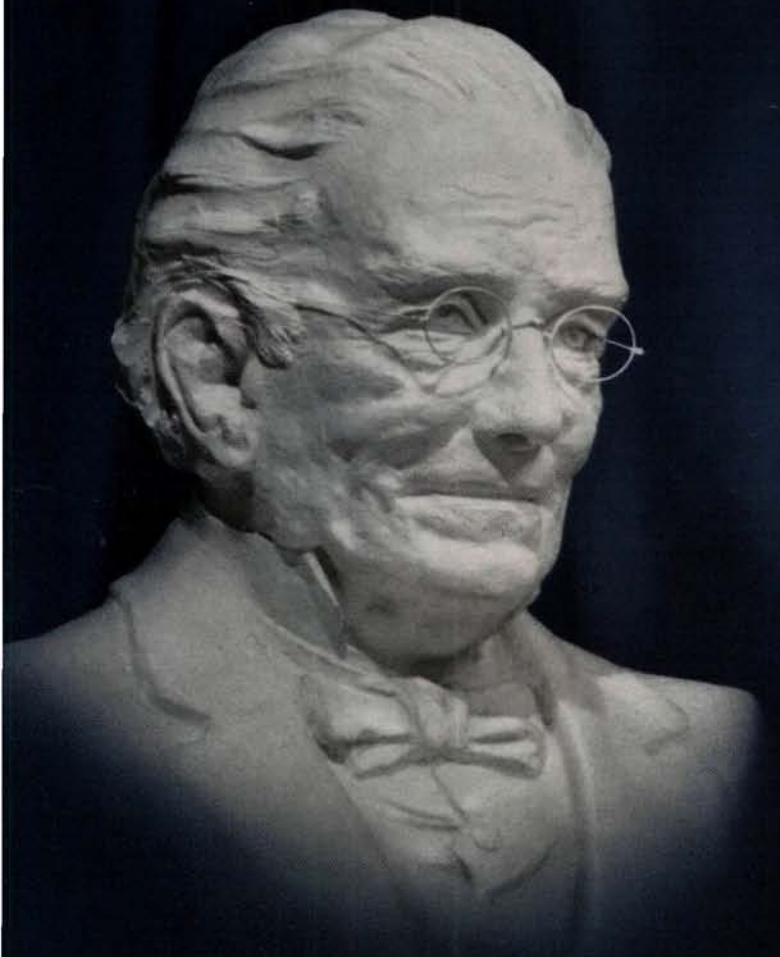

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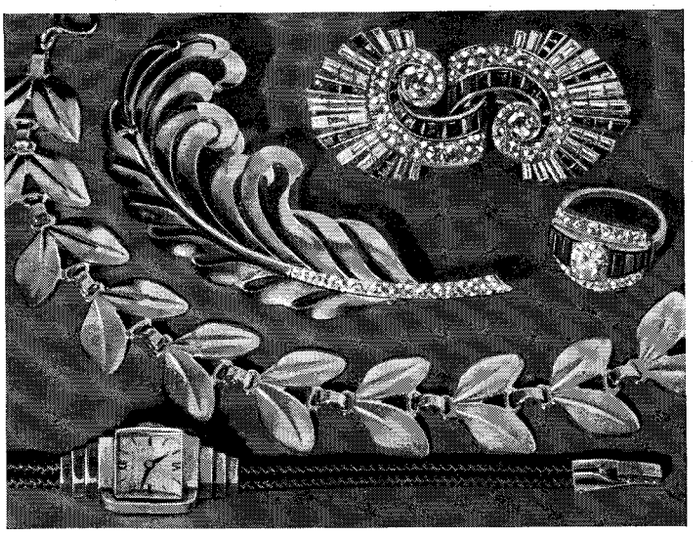

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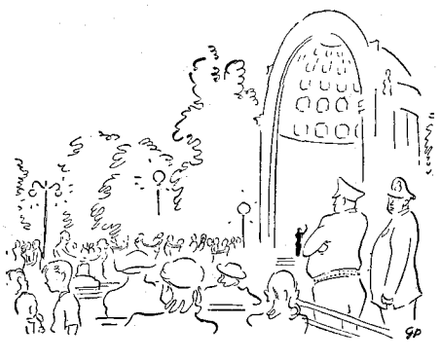
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 3. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Ladies in Retirement—The sanest of three crazy old maids strangles poor Miss Fiske and puts her in an oven, making one of the most satisfactory melodramas you've ever seen. Gilbert Miller's production is helped enormously by Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isobel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. A very pleasant comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Male Animal—A human comedy about academic freedom—more free than academic, thanks to the light touch of James Thurber, one of the authors. The other author, Elliott Nugent, appears at the head of a gifted cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and very funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

There Shall Be No Night—A powerful and eloquent play by Robert E. Sherwood, based on his conviction that the struggle in Europe is everybody's business. The Lunts are excellent, and receive very capable support from Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. No performances Sat. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Thurs.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr at their clowning zenith in a musical which is beautiful to look at and funny to listen to when it is not being *too* dirty. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. One of the season's best musical comedies, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

New Hellz-a-Poppin—Not so new, but still good and a rowdy madhouse. With Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach—A big variety show, with a water ballet, water sports, and fireworks. (Marine Stadium, Jones Beach, L.I. Wantagh 1600. Sat. Eves. at 8:30.)

SUMMER STOCK

(In this listing you may find one or more theatres not too distant from where you happen to be in the country. No matinées, unless otherwise noted.)

Amherst—Ina Claire in "Biography": through Sat., July 27. (Kirby Memorial Theatre, Amherst, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Branford—Carol Stone in "The Pursuit of Happiness": through Sat., July 27. Eddie Nugent in "Man in the Moon," a new play by John Triggs: Tues. through Sat., July 30-Aug. 3. (Montowese Playhouse, Indian Neck, Branford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Cambridge—James Rennie in "The Spider": through Sat., July 27. James Rennie in "Co-respondent Unknown": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Cape May—Julie Haydon and Hugh Rennie in "Glamour": through Sat., July 27. "Gold in the Hills": Tues. through Sat., July 30-Aug. 3. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45.)

Cedarhurst—Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": through Sat., July 27. Francesca Bruning in "One Sunday Afternoon": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Cedarhurst Playhouse, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Clinton—Sinclair Lewis in "Ah, Wilderness!": through Sat., July 27. Grace George in "Kind Lady": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Cohasset—Laurette Taylor in "Outward Bound": through Sat., July 27. Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Dennis—Joe E. Brown in "Elmer the Great": through Sat., July 27. Constance Collier in "Our Betters": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

Eagles Mere—Violet Heming in "This Thing Called Love": through Sat., July 27. (Eagles Mere Playhouse, Eagles Mere, Pa. 9:30.)

East Hampton—Jimmy Savo in "Mum's the Word": Fri. and Sat., July 26-27. "Little Women": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 2-3. (John Drew Memorial Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Fitchburg—"The Bride the Sun Shines On": through Sat., July 27. Sinclair Lewis in "Shadow and Substance": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Lake Whalom Theatre, Fitchburg, Mass. 8:20. Mats. 2:20, Wed.)

Gloucester—Pauline Lord in "The Late Christopher Bean": through Sat., July 27. Thornton Wilder in "Our Town": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Great Neck—"A Man's House," by John Drinkwater: through Sat., July 27. "Fallen Angels": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Chapel Theatre, Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, L.I. 8:40.)

Guilford—Gloria Stuart in "Accent on Youth": through Sat., July 27. Ann Corio and Frankie Thomas, Jr., in "The Barker": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Harrison—Grace George in "Kind Lady": through Sat., July 27. "The Hottentot": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Deertrees Theatre, Harrison, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., and Fri.)

Ivoryton—Teddy Hart in "See My Lawyer": through Sat., July 27. "The Road to Rome": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Jutland—Mitzi Mayfair in "Little Jessie James": through Sat., July 27. "Cross Your Fingers," a new play by Eddie Nugent: Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Hunterdon Hills Playhouse, Jutland, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Locust Valley—John Cromwell in "Berkeley Square": through Sat., July 27. Sheila Barrett in "Crazy with the Heat," a new revue by Dana Suesse, John La Touche, and others: Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Maplewood—Miriam Hopkins in "The Guardsman": through Sat., July 27. "Margin for Error": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Marblehead—Libby Holman and Betty Hutton in "The Greeks Had a Word for It": through Sat., July 27. Jane Cowl in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Martha's Vineyard—Joanna Roos and Leo Chalzel in "The Vinegar Tree": through Sat., July 27. Effie Shannon in "Morning's at Seven": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Rice Playhouse, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Matunuck—Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": through Sat., July 27. Mady Christians in "Twentieth Century": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Mt. Kisco—José Ferrer in "Charley's Aunt": through Sat., July 27. Lenore Ulric in "Twentieth Century": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

New Hope—Louis Calhern in "The Affairs of Anatol": through Sat., July 27. Betty Field in "Coquette": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Newport—Doris Dalton and Dorothy Sands in "At Mrs. Beam's": through Sat., July 27. "Blind Alley": Tues. through Sat., July 30-Aug. 3. (Casino Civic Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues. Eves. at 9 o'clock; other Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Ogunquit—Madge Evans and Bramwell Fletcher in "The Greeks Had a Word for It": through Sat., July 27. Frances Starr and Bramwell Fletcher in "No Time for Comedy": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Orwigsburg—"The Hottentot": through Sat., July 27. Fifi D'Orsay and Lila Lee in "Up Pops the Devil": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Kenley Deer Lake Theatre, Orwigsburg, Pa. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Pawling—"Climbing," a new play by Martin Cumberland: through Sat., July 27. "Outward Bound": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Starlight Theatre, Route 22, Pawling, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. at 3, Thurs.)

Princeton—Mildred Natwick and Betty Field in "Green Grow the Lilacs": through Sat., July 27. Harry Ellerbe in "By Any Other Name," a new play by Warren P. Munsell, Jr.: Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Ridgefield—Paul and Grace Hartman in "Tonight at 8:30": through Sat., July 27. Jimmy Savo in "Mum's the Word": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (New England Playhouse, Ridgefield, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Roslyn—"Soft Shoulders," a new comedy by Christopher Morley: through Sat., July 27. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Rye Beach—Florence Reed in "The Walrus and the Carpenter," a new comedy by Noel Langley: through Sat., July 27. Sharon Lynne in "Rain": Tues. through Sat., July 30-Aug. 3. (Farragut Playhouse, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Alison Skipworth in "Criminal at Large": through Sat., July 27. Ina Claire in "Biography": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 9 o'clock. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

Schenectady—Cornelia Otis Skinner in "Biography": through Sat., July 27. Dennis King in "Peter Ibbetson": Tues. through Sat., July 30-Aug. 3. (Mohawk Drama Festival, Union College, Schenectady, N.Y. 8:45.)

Skowhegan—"The Hard Way," a new comedy by Allen Boretz: through Sat., July 27. Ann Mason and Vincent Price in "Elizabeth the Queen": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

Southampton—Ruth Weston in "Deny the Heart," a new play by John S. Rodell: through Sat., July 27. (Parrish Memorial Hall, Southampton, L.I. 8:45.)

Spring Lake—Nancy Carroll and A. P. Kaye in "Lot's Wife," a new comedy by Peter Blackmore: through Sat., July 27. Helen Gahagan in "Wind in the Sails," a new play by Dan Totheroh: Wed. through Sat., July 31-Aug. 3. (Community Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Thurs. and Sat.)

Stamford—"The Royal Roost," a new play by Richard Dwinger: Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Stamford Community Playhouse, Stamford, Conn. 8:40.)

Stockbridge—Effie Shannon in "Morning's at Sev-

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	57
THE CURRENT CINEMA	54
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS	53
LETTER FROM LONDON	37
OF ALL THINGS	30
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
SOUTHAMPTON FASHIONS LETTER	46
FEMININE FASHIONS	47
THE RACE TRACK	50
A REPORTER AT LARGE	31

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

en"; through Sat., July 27. Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.; extra Mat. Sat., Aug. 3.)

SUFFERN—Zita Johann and McKay Morris in "Salute Tomorrow," a new play by Marjorie Leonard: through Sat., July 27. Rex Ingram and Walter Armitage in "The Tragical Historie of Dr. Faustus": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:45.)

WESTBORO—Ruth Chatterton in "Private Lives": through Sat., July 27. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

WESTPORT—Claudia Morgan in "The Bat": through Sat., July 27. Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

WHITE PLAINS—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": through Sat., July 27. Ezra Stone in "What a Life!": Mon. through Wed., July 29-31, and Fri. and Sat., Aug. 2-3. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Those in the city may close for one or more nights over the weekend.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a pleasant under-the-greenwood air all the same. Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dinner dancing.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—There's dancing on the Roof to the music of Alvino Rey and his orchestra.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—A small spot, and a nice one, with Nicki Raymond's orchestra.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—Not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. A quintet plays for dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things in the Café, where, at the supper hour, Carol Bruce sings and Bob Knight's orchestra plays.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Radio City's aerial nook has Ray Heatherton's orchestra and a show.... Marlynn and Michael go on dancing in the Rainbow Grill, where Barry Winton's orchestra plays.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, those young pianists, are on the Viennese Roof. Hal Saunders' orchestra supplies the music for dancing. Must dress if you want to dance.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde, singing at the supper hour in the Café Lounge, will be replaced by John Buckmaster on Thurs., Aug. 1. Emile Petti's orchestra will stay on.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Ernie Holst's orchestra will be replaced by Charlie Wright's on Mon., July 29; the rumba band will remain.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with music by Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof isn't really out of doors, but then you can't find blue stars out of doors. Xavier Cugat contributes a smooth musical accompaniment for a dance team as well as for the guests, with Mischa Borr's orchestra alternating at the supper hour. Larry Adler is around with his harmonica.

MISCELLANEOUS—At ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra.... PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below. No dancing.... WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor.... ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra.... NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra and an ice show.... ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... PENNSYLVANIA ROOF, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra (to be replaced by Everett Hoagland's on Thurs., Aug. 1).... ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra.... PARK CENTRAL, 7 Ave. at 56 (CI 7-8000): Sally Rand and Buddy Clarke's orchestra.... BOSSERT MARINE ROOF, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the harbor is fine when you get there; Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course; loud but pleasant. No dancing.... KIT KAT CLUB, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): a Negro show and Connie McLean's band; for late prowlers, this one.... JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdy-dow fun down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show.... BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a South Sea setting, with the emphasis all on Zombies; Sonny Kendis's orchestra.... HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra.... LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a rumba band and a Latin show.... 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 3. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

AL-FRESCO DINING—With dancing: CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600); and TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954).... Without dancing: CHATHAM WALK, Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); PAVILLON MARGUERY, 270 Park, at 47 (WI 2-9000); the Japanese Garden of the RITZ-CARLTON, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600); and the PROMENADE CAFÉ, in the Sunken Plaza, Rockefeller Center (CI 6-5800).

PURE SWING—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is there, too.... CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Teddy Wilson's band, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon.... NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Joe Sullivan, Eddie Condon, and Pee Wee Russell are some of the boys in the coöperative band here.... VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio and, except Mon., some Calypso singers.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313).... Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—Ben Riley's ARROWHEAD INN, Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra and a rumba band.... Ben Marden's RIVIERA, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra. Pancho's rumba band, and a show with, through Wed., July 31, George Givot and Terry Lawlor.... WESTCHESTER BATH CLUB, 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Chiquito's rumba band and Jack Towne's orchestra.... GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Bryne's orchestra.... BOARDWALK CAFÉ, Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600): Ozzie Nelson's orchestra; a fill-in band Mon.... CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): George Sterney's orchestra.... MEADOWBROOK, on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Cab Calloway's orchestra. Closed Mon.

FURTHER OUT OF TOWN—At CANOE PLACE INN, Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150): Lou Lang's orchestra.... NEW PROSPECT HOTEL, Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): Charley Wood's orchestra.... SEVEN PONDS INN, Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): a quartet plays for dancing, except Tues.... GUIDO'S SAPPHIRE ROOM, Monmouth County C.C., Eatontown, N.J. (Eatontown 95). Maximillian Bergère's orchestra.... The Spanish Grill of the MONMOUTH HOTEL, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra.... PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... ROSS FENTON FARM, Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Eddie Oliver's orchestra and a rumba band.... SEA BRIGHT YACHT CLUB, on Route 36, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Ray Morton's orchestra.

NOTE—Wanderers in search of shore dinners out Coney Island way might try LUNDY'S, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay (DE 6-9090); FELTMAN'S, Surf Ave., Coney Island (CO 6-0046); or VILLEPIGUE'S INN, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay (SH 3-8000).

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DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Places to dine (mostly without dancing) while motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91).... LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790).... SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371).... AMAWALK, N.Y.: Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown 984).... COLD SPRING, N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975).... NEW CITY, N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981).... MT. KISCO, N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324).... DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drovers Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781).... POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616).... SLOATSBURG, N.Y.: Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245).... HAWTHORNE, N.Y.: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120).... WESTPORT, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330); dancing Wed., Fri., and Sat. Eves.... BRIDGEWATER, CONN.: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830).... RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.... NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88).... REDDING RIDGE, CONN.: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67).... SOUTHPORT, CONN.: Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900).... DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548).... ALPINE, N.J.: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788).... BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70).... DOYLESTOWN, PA.: Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

ART

CATLIN—Carefully documented pictures by this nineteenth-century painter of Indian life; also, selected works by other Americans: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Thurs., 2 to 4 P.M.; Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

FRENCH GROUPS—At the PERLS, 32 E. 58: an attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... CARSTAIRS, 11 E. 57: Derain, Dufy, Utrillo, and other moderns. Daily 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through July 26.... PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: three little-known contemporaries—Ortiz, Mège, and Boberman—in a sharply differentiated show of oils. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.... HARRIMAN, 63 E. 57: Cézannes, Picassos, Derains, and so on—most of them good ones. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 14.

GROUPS—At the REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Brook, Mattson, Marsh, and—for old times' sake—a never-before-shown George Bellows. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 26.... ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: Benton, Bohrod, Soyer, and many others in a summer roundup. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 13.... MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58 water colors by members of this gallery's group. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 26.... MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings by contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... MACBETH, 11 E. 57: from William S. Mount and A. H. Wyant to Robert Philipp and Jon Corbino, with the elders having a shade the edge of things. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... WALKER, 108 E. 57: Curry, Ruellan, and Grosz, in a showing of contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. A new fresco by Orozco is on view. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

SOVIET GRAPHIC ART—Some remarkably gay illustrations for children's tales set the tone for a collection of contemporary woodcuts, color prints, and other graphics: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Thurs., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

HERE AND THERE—F.A.R., 19 E. 61: colored lithographs by Daumier. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 2.... MAYER, 41 E. 57: British and American water colors and prints. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... MONTROSS, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors by twenty-five contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104: exhibition of Latin-American art Tues. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 29.

OUT OF TOWN—Some galleries and museums worth visiting while off on vacation trips: HARTFORD, CONN., Wadsworth Athenaeum. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.... NEW HAVEN, CONN., Yale University Gallery of Fine Arts. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.;

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FREE CONSCIENCE, VOID OF OFFENCE

"TO Chamberlain!" one of the women at the bar was saying, her glass held high, as Margaret Clay and her father came into the small, pleasant room, lit by candles, with a big oak fire burning steadily in the fireplace and the glassware and cutlery on the tables winking softly in the firelight. "He saved my son for me," the woman said loudly. She was a woman of nearly fifty who had obviously been pretty once. "To my good friend Neville Chamberlain!"

The other two women and the three men at the bar drank soberly as Margaret and her father sat down at a table.

"That Dorothy Thompson!" said the friend of Neville Chamberlain. "She makes me so mad! Did you see what she wrote about him? If I had her here!" She waved her fist and the wrinkles in her face suddenly bit deeper. "I won't read her any more. Not once more. You know what she is? She's a Red. She's rabid!"

"This is a nice place," Margaret's father said, looking around him with a happy expression. "It has a pleasant atmosphere. Do you come here often?"

"Boys take me here," Margaret said. "It's only about ten miles from school, and they like the candlelight and the open fire, even though it costs three bucks a dinner. Boys always think candlelight and an open fire act like heavy artillery on a girl's resistance. Two hours of that, they figure, and they can just walk in and mop up."

"Margaret," Mr. Clay said, like a father, "I don't like to hear you talk like that."

Margaret laughed, and leaned over and patted her father's hand. "What's the matter, Pop?" she asked. "Your long years at the Stork Club turn you tender?"

"You're too young to talk like that," Mr. Clay said, disliking the fact that she had called him Pop, disliking her thinking that he went often to the Stork Club. "A twenty-year-old girl should . . ."

The owner of the place, a beautifully dressed, pink-faced man of forty who looked like a boy, was standing beside their table, smiling, having come out from behind the bar, where at dinnertime he mixed the drinks scrupulously himself.

"Hello, Mr. Trent," Margaret said. "This is my father. He likes your place."

"Thank you," Trent said, bowing a little, smiling like a little boy. "I'm pleased."

"It has a very pleasant atmosphere," Mr. Clay said.

"Mr. Trent has a specialty," Margaret said. "He makes it with rum."

"Rum, lime juice, sugar, a little Cointreau in the bottom of the glass." Trent waved his hands delicately as he spoke.

"It comes out foamy," Margaret said. "It's nice on the teeth."

"I'm making it now with black Jamaica rum," Trent said. "Myers' rum, it's heavier, for the autumn. I make it on the electric mixer. It gives it a nice quality."

"Two," said Mr. Clay, wishing he had the courage to order a Martini.

The six people at the bar were singing now. "The old gray mare," they sang, loudly, consciously having a good time, consciously being gay and lively, and yet singing with a slight touch of burlesque, so that anybody could see these were no yokels. "The old gray mare," they sang, "she ain't what she used to be, Oh, she ain't what she used to be . . ."

Margaret watched them, grouped at the bar, their heads together—a cluster of men's middle-aged, sparse gray hair, neatly brushed; and carefully curled and elaborately arranged coiffures on the women that in this light, at least, had a last, desperate look of youth. The woman who had toasted Chamberlain had been here once before when Margaret had come for dinner. Mrs. Taylor, Trent had called her, and she'd been in with a man other than her husband, whose hand she was holding now. Margaret had noticed her quick look around the room before she seated herself, her tiny adjustment of her corset, betraying the fact that the achievement of that trim and almost elegant figure came only as a result of engineering and torture under the smart silk print dress. A man they called Oliver, who looked slightly older than the others, somehow more confident and breezy, as though he had more money in the bank than any of his friends, led the singing with elaborate gestures of his hands, like a burlesque of Stokowski. Mr. Taylor was the least noisy of the three men. He wheezed a little and drank sparingly. Margaret was sure he had a bad stomach and was already looking sorrowfully ahead to the aspirin and Alka-Seltzer the next morning. The third man was fat, and his scalp bloomed through his hair and he had a piped vest, so he looked like a businessman in the movies, except that when he wasn't singing his face looked intelligent and very cold. The other two women were standard suburban mothers nearing fifty, forlornly carrying on their battle against age, loneliness, and death with powder, rouge, rejuvenating cream, accustomed now to neglect from their husbands and children, full of mild, half-formed regrets for their lives as they drove behind their middle-aged chauffeurs down to New York in the late mornings for lunch and shopping.

"What does that sign say?" Mr. Clay said loudly, over the noise of the singing. He was peering out the window at the large sign on the lawn with the name of the inn on it.

" 'Free conscience, void of offence, 1840,' " Margaret said.

"That's a queer thing to have on a sign ad-

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bell when in reverse gear, empty ashes from the rear-door ashtrays into the street, provide mirrors for patrons, and God knows what all. Mr. Waters told us sadly that none of these automatic features would be necessary if the drivers were on their toes. "Do you suppose you could get a driver to empty an ashtray, close a window, or call out when he was backing up?" he asked us. "You could *not*."

Before we left, Mr. Waters opened the spare-tire compartment of a new cab. It was large and commodious, and had a partition running down the middle. "See that?" he said, pointing to the partition. "Required by law. Prevents carrying bodies."

Oranges

Romney Brent is now playing in Toronto, in a revival of "Candida." The other day a local reporter went backstage to interview him. It developed, though, that this was the reporter's first theatrical interview, and that he had a bad case of buck fever. Mr. Brent kindly steered the conversation from this topic to that, finally touching on the work that actors are doing for war relief and similar good causes. After telling about the American Theatre Wing, he added, "And, of course, the Lunts are doing monumental work." "Oh, yes, the Lunts," the reporter said, pulling on his pipe. "They're a sort of suburb of New York, aren't they?"

Star-Spangled Berlin

WONDERING how it felt to be the composer of a song which many people, including delegates to political conventions, appear to regard as a new national anthem, we called on Irving Berlin last week. The song, needless to say, is "God Bless America," which is rapidly becoming a national institution, and to the strains of which, we have heard, school children now stand at attention and elderly gentlemen hold their hats over their hearts. We found Mr. Berlin in a state of happy, patriotic bewilderment. "I'm flabbergasted," he said, adding solemnly that he was also delighted, proud, and grateful. Mr. Berlin said that he never expected his song to turn into a national anthem and doesn't regard it as such. "We've only got one national anthem, 'The Star-Spangled Banner,'" he said, with no trace of professional jealousy.

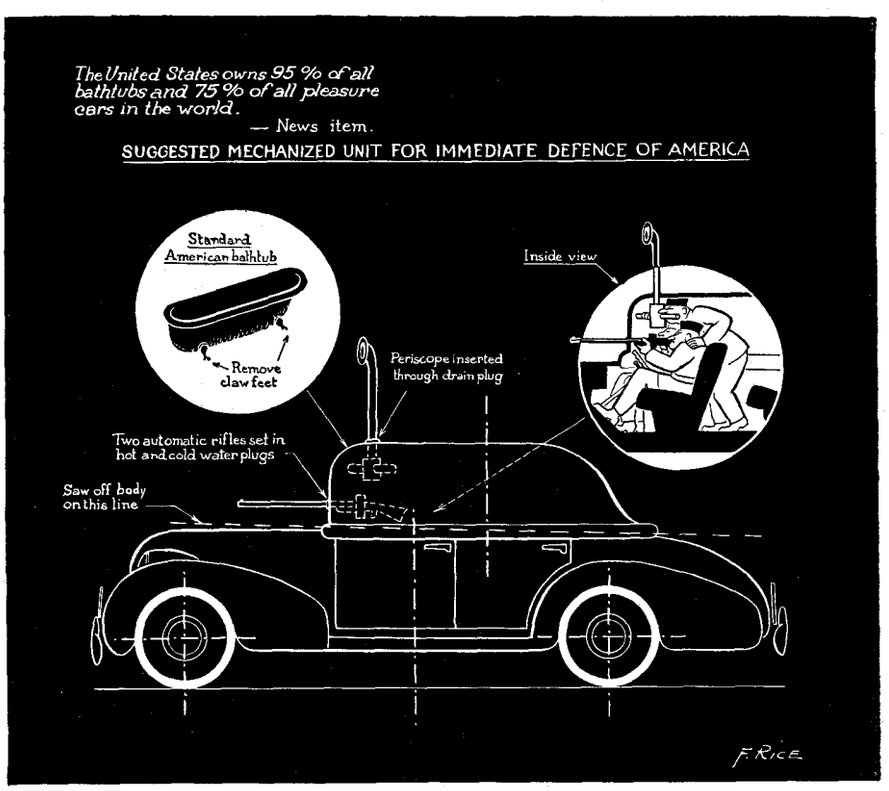
Mr. Berlin wrote "God Bless America" in 1918, and is inclined to the belief that if it had been publicly aired then, it wouldn't have made anybody even sit up, much less stand. It was supposed to be sung in the finale of "Yip Yip Yaphank," a wartime musical produced with a cast of soldiers from Camp Upton, under the personal direction of Sergeant Irving Berlin, but it was replaced by "We're on Our Way to France," a Berlin tune that seemed more suitable at the time. "God Bless America" was not published and lay completely dormant for twenty years. Berlin never bothered to have it copyrighted. It's copyrighted now, and restricted by its publishers (Irving Berlin, Inc.), so that swing bands and other frivolous groups can't abuse its solemnity. Mr. Berlin nevertheless feels that it is somehow public property. "It's the people's song, not mine," he told us. Commercially, it's the property of the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts, since Mr. Berlin has deeded them all the royalties accruing from it. Five hundred thousand copies of the sheet music have already been sold, at twenty-two cents. The Scouts get eight cents on each copy, the money first passing through the God Bless America Fund, set up especially for this purpose and administered by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Gene Tunney, and Herbert Bayard Swope, three notably blessed Americans. Mr. Berlin gets nothing.

The composer hasn't had anything to do with the song's rapid advance, or with the God Bless America pennants, buttons, pins, etc., now in circulation. In fact, he told us, the number is unique in that it has never been plugged in the usual manner, but caught on by itself. "You can't ballyhoo a song into an anthem," Mr. Berlin said. "God Bless America" would probably have remained dormant to this moment if Kate Smith hadn't requested a patriotic number for an Armistice Day broadcast in 1938. While trying to compose something, Mr. Berlin recalled the old "Yaphank" tune, which was lying around in a corner of his mind, and played it to himself. He was pleasantly surprised, and spent two weeks making minor changes in the words and the music.

The original manuscript is probably around somewhere, but Mr. Berlin doesn't know where. If it turns up, it will undoubtedly be placed by public demand in the Smithsonian Institution.

That's All

A Mr. Sterling, who has just bought a house deep in Connecticut, went around to a Sears, Roebuck office to order an R.F.D. mailbox. After he had selected a nice one, the salesgirl said, "Of course, the price includes painting your name on the sides." "That's very nice," he said, "but I don't want my full name—just 'Sterling.'" The box was delivered a few days ago, and on the sides, as per instructions, was painted "Just Sterling."


The United States owns 95 % of all bathtubs and 75 % of all pleasure cars in the world.
— News item.
SUGGESTED MECHANIZED UNIT FOR IMMEDIATE DEFENCE OF AMERICA
Standard American bathtub
Remove claw feet
Inside view
Periscope inserted through drain plug
Two automatic rifles set in hot and cold water plugs
Saw off body on this line
F. Rice

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"Henry took a shower yesterday right next to Winthrop Rockefeller."

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Grounds, he invariably buys a $1.10 ticket and sits in Section 19, in the upper stand. That section is usually sprinkled with veteran Giant fans, most of whom appeal to Mr. Robinson whenever they want a controversial point cleared up, which is about twice an inning. Mr. Robinson consults his scrapbooks that night and settles the argument next time he attends a game.

Mr. Robinson gets up early on Sunday mornings to paste his clippings in his books. At such times he ignores all distractions, including his wife, who thinks he is crazy and, when he takes her to a game, spends most of her time peering at Bill Terry, the Giants' manager, through opera glasses and making nasty remarks. This bothers Mr. Robinson, who naturally admires Terry, though less ardently than he does Carl Hubbell and Mel Ott, his special heroes. "My heart bleeds for Ott when he stands up at the plate and can't hit," he told us the other day. Despite Mr. Robinson's affection for the players, he has never met any of them, preferring simply to observe them from the stands, in hotel lobbies, and at railroad terminals, to which he goes occasionally when the boys come home from a trip. His scrapbooks contain vast amounts of data on batting and pitching averages, especially pitching, on which he has more or less concentrated for thirteen years. He has the records of some six thousand Giant games, and keeps them up by tabulating his facts every ten games and maintaining accurate running totals.

Mr. Robinson's position at the Gas Company is, understandably, a minority one and exposes him to considerable joshing, but he says most of it is good-natured, which it probably is, considering his managerial status. He has been employed by the company for thirty-one years. He was brought up in Philadelphia, where he rooted for the Phillies and sold scorecards at their park, occasionally being permitted, as a reward for industriousness, to wash a major leaguer's socks. He came to Brooklyn in 1896 and spent six troubled years trying to decide whether to root for the Dodgers or the Giants. When John McGraw joined the Giants in 1902, that settled it. He at one time played baseball himself, at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and on a semi-pro team on Long Island, winning some small acclaim as a centre fielder. He is treasurer of the South Brooklyn Board of Trade and editor of the Board's *Civic News*, a monthly without a sports page. He also runs a speakers' club for the Gas Company's apprentices and salesmen, and selects topics on which they must deliver extemporaneous addresses. We asked him to name a few representative topics and he said, "Concrete, libraries, the Aquarium, telephones, baseball."

Item

WAR correspondents returning home from the conquered countries bring many little problems with them, not the least of which is their expense accounts. We know one editor who was set back on his heels when his star correspondent itemized one sum as "cost of ten water colors abandoned at the fall of Paris." The item we wanted to tell you about came from another fellow, though. At the end of a lengthy list of full-bodied expenditures was "Chamberlain crisis—30c."

Magic

DON'T say you've experienced everything until you've ridden in one of the new De Soto Sky-View Cabs. We got into one the other evening, all unsuspecting. Feeling a draft, we hunted for a crank to raise the window. It wasn't there. "Hey!" we said to the driver. "Just press dat little button," he told us, grinning all over. We pressed the button, and the window closed, magically. "Hydroelectric power," the driver said, savoring our astonishment. On either side of the back seat, which had a centre pull-down armrest, we discovered a row of buttons, and found, by experiment, that they controlled the rear-door windows, the window separating the driver from his fare, and five radio stations. The journey passed quickly, with the windows rising and falling to soft music, and we tipped the driver a quarter.

The next morning we called at the office and garage of Mr. James F. Waters, of the James F. Waters Motors Sales Corporation, the local distributor of these miracle cabs. He told us that they were being put on the streets at the rate of one hundred a week. They have other novel features, which we missed in our first excitement—ring a

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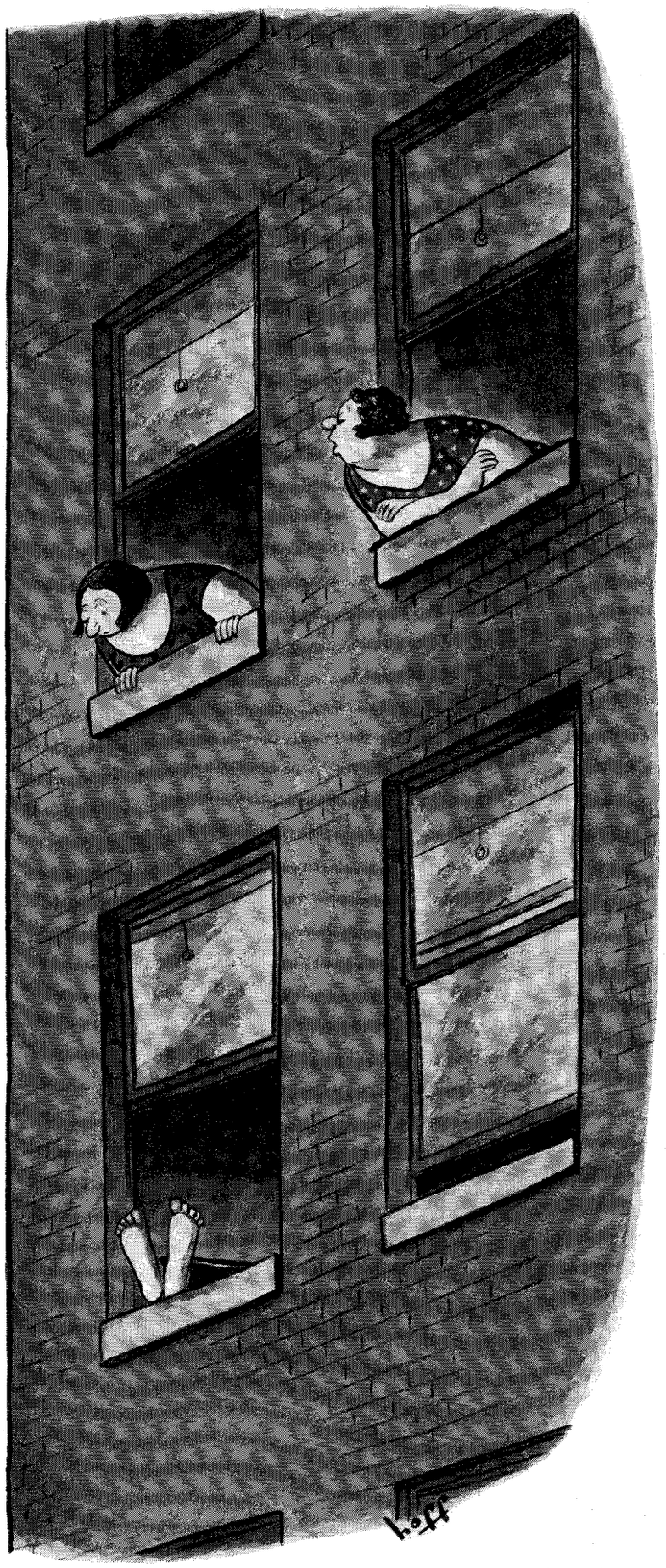
be than this on a Sunday," he added enviously. We are told that the Bar Association thought the whole affair a great success.

Still Waters

THERE were three jerkers in the fountain lunch. One of them seemed to be the boss. He was officious, and showed off at his work. He was always giving small, unnecessary instructions. He spelled out rye R-Y-E over the microphone to the kitchen like a man directing a plane in a forced landing in fog. The other two boys seemed bored, as though they had suffered much. Halfway through our lunch, the boss left for a minute and the two began talking him over. They discussed his officious nature, and how he showed off and was always giving small, unnecessary instructions. "Al," said one of the boys to the other, "just being here behind the counter with him is a form of stagnation."

No. 1 Fan

HERBERT J. ROBINSON, manager of the Brooklyn Union Gas Company's branch at 421 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, has lived in that borough for more than forty years and is a loyal Brooklyn citizen except in one peculiar respect: he is probably as avid a New York Giants fan as there is in all five boroughs. For thirty-eight years, Mr. Robinson, a chubby, George M. Cohan-like man of fifty-nine, has been collecting and filing box scores and other vital statistics on the Giants. He is tolerant of the Dodgers in a secondary sort of way, but is absolutely indifferent to the Yankees, never having been able to work up an interest in the American League. Every day he reads all the baseball stories in all the local newspapers, using the *Herald Tribune* box scores for his scrapbook, and to keep tabs on the activities of young ballplayers on the Giants' farm teams, he subscribes, during the season, to the Jersey City *Journal*; the Clinton, Iowa, *Herald*; the Salisbury, North Carolina, *Post*; the Milford, Delaware, *Chronicle*; and the Fort Smith, Arkansas, *Times-Record*. He collects box scores of the farm teams in those cities, thus being thoroughly familiar with the performance of rookies when they finally hit the big time. He sees the Giants play about thirty games a year, sometimes going to Philadelphia for a weekend series and staying at the same hotel the players frequent. At the Polo



"All I know about him is that he's apparently quite a homebody."

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Counter Service." Try and forget *that*, now. Just go ahead and try.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Portland, Maine, firm of Burnham & Morrill puts up ready-to-heat baked beans, which have been, according to the label, "baked all day." Another New England company, Friend's, announces that its beans have been "baked all night."

In Texarkana, the traveller who cares for that sort of thing can put up at the Grim Hotel.

One of the headings in the Public Library's card catalogue is "SOMEONE —SOMEWHERE."

Motorists entering the town of Wahoo, Nebraska, are greeted by this sign, erected by the local chamber of commerce: "Nebraska is proud of Wahoo, the home town of Darryl Zanuck, Howard Hanson, Sam Crawford."

Willkie's Hair

AFTER looking at the photographs, we have come to regard Mr. Wendell Willkie's hair as second only to Justice Murphy's eyebrows as a political asset, and we'd have said he was a man to let it go four or five weeks. But no. A friend of ours said he and Mr. Willkie patronize the same barber shop and agreed to take us in there. It's the Terminal shop at 120 Broadway, down the block from the Commonwealth & Southern offices on Pine Street, and we have it on the authority of the management that Mr. Willkie has his hair done every two weeks. He's been a regular customer for over a year, and the management, while naturally willing to go only so far with professional secrets, gave us a few data on the Willkie hair and haircuts. "He has a good head of hair," said the manager, adding, after a brief consultation with one of the barbers, that it has a slight tendency toward waviness (no news to a newspaper reader). Until his nomination it was Mr. Willkie's custom just to walk in and select any one of the shop's twenty-eight barbers who happened to be idle. Along with his haircut, he generally had a shave and a shine. His only instructions were not to take too much off the top, and no tonic or dressing. The barbers used plain water for the final combing and brushing. Mr. Willkie held to this procedure, while in town, until Monday, July 8th, by which time he had been nominated. On that day, either in keeping with his new status or because he was rushed, he called one of the barbers to his office instead of going over to the shop.

Contraband

A LOCAL matron, having heard that a friend of hers in the north of Ireland had given birth to a son, went out and bought a nice, fleecy, pink carriage blanket, which she mailed by parcel post, along with a customs declaration specifying the contents of the package. The next day the postman was at her door, with the package and a formal notice from the United States government that she must present an affidavit that the contents were not intended for military purposes.

No Thoroughfare

ONCE every year, as you may have read, all traffic, vehicular and pedestrian, is temporarily barred from Rockefeller Plaza, a July Sunday customarily being chosen as the least bothersome time. This goings-on meets a provision of the law of the land that privately owned thoroughfares used by the public become public property in the course of time unless occasionally blocked off. Probably because we have long been abnormally conscious of nonsensical legalities, we were at the scene of action, or of inaction, briefly this year. First we cleaned up a problem caused by the *Times* and an excitable member of the Explorers Club. The *Times* had announced that the Plaza would be closed for twelve hours (the prescribed period) between sunset and sunrise, and the explorer, who claimed to be an old hand with sunsets and sunrises, had called us up to say that there aren't twelve hours between sunset and sunrise in July. It turned out that the *Times* had the situation reversed. The Plaza was barricaded for a twelve-hour period between sunrise and sunset—from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. This was done by traffic stanchions, sawhorses, ropes, appropriate signs, and uniformed men from the Rockefeller home forces, armed against the invader with whistles. The inanimate obstructions to traffic were placed across all entrances to the Plaza from Forty-eighth to Fifty-first Street, and all doors opening onto the Plaza were locked.

Two men were on duty when we arrived at the Plaza, a doorman named Wilson and a Radio City special officer who said he preferred to be known merely as Mac. Mr. Wilson was posted on the north side of Forty-ninth Street, facing south, Mac on the south side of Fiftieth, facing north, the strategy being that the two men, by turning their heads at a reasonable speed, could command the entire Plaza. Mac admitted to us that while his head was temporarily turned, two Music Hall employees had succeeded in crossing through from Fifty-first to Fiftieth before he could stop them. That was his only defeat. Mr. Wilson admitted to no defeat at all. We noticed that he and his partner apprehended most trespassers before they could penetrate more than a couple of yards. While we were present, they had several stiff arguments with folk who thought the proceedings stuff and nonsense. Both guards exercised restraint, but Mac told us that earlier in the day, on a couple of occasions, he'd have used his fists if he hadn't been in uniform.

Mr. Wilson is a veteran of Plaza closings, having been on duty at every one since 1934, when the rigmarole began. Back then, he told us, he had an awful time with tenants of various buildings on the Plaza, who held that they had an inalienable right to get to their offices through whatever entrance they felt like using. "It was brutal then," Mr. Wilson said, "but now the tenants are getting educated." At this moment an elderly man asked for an explanation of the situation and expressed great relief on learning that the Plaza was to be closed for only one day. "I thought it was forever," he said.

Both watchmen said they'd halt any strolling Rockefeller who ventured into the forbidden territory. They disagreed on trustees of Columbia University, which owns the Plaza and leases it to the Rockefellers. "I'd chase a trustee the same as anybody else," Mac said firmly. Mr. Wilson said he guessed the trustees could hold a picnic in front of the R.C.A. Building under their legal rights. "But trustees got better places to

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE don't want to get ahead of ourself, but while it is hot on our mind, we will say that if Mr. Roosevelt is elected we believe he should immediately make known his stand on a fourth term. The country has been reminded often lately that the most malignant ailment of democracy is lack of efficiency, and at the moment we can think of no action more conducive to efficiency than a timely declaration by the President of his intentions for 1944—and onward. The game just finished was an exciting one, as full of suspense as a children's game of hide-and-seek, but it was too wearing on many of the participants. Next time, if Mr. Roosevelt has the say, we hope Democrats coddling Presidential aspirations of their own will be told where they stand, so they can either map out their political strategies with the knowledge that there is to be a contest, or drop the whole matter, saving themselves a great deal of time, effort, speechmaking, and candid posing that might well be devoted to governmental matters. People tipped off to the future are apt to deal more efficiently with the present. Our only claim to experience in such matters is based on our third term in high school, a dismal period spent in conjugating classical verbs. It would have been more efficient, less painful, and easier on our family had we known that during our fourth term the college of our choice was going to decide to drop Latin as a compulsory entrance requirement.

WE were interested to read that the voice of the people spoke its mind on the subject of Party platforms through the Telephone Company last week, when some three thousand indignant constituents called up the N.B.C. and *Times* switchboards and demanded to know why their radios were handing them Senator Wagner and the official Democratic stand on everything when what they had been promised, and were waiting for, was the give-and-take of Henry Armstrong leather and Lew Jenkins flesh. This protest will probably have no effect whatever on either the substance or the form of future political conventions, or on the dependability of the radio, but it will, we fear, have its effect on Senator Wagner. The Senator, through not much fault of his own, didn't conclude his reading of the platform until just as Armstrong was concluding Jenkins. We suggest to the Senator that a good way to overcome some of the ill will created would be for him to arrange a return engagement of the boys, offering a special Wagner belt, and distributing three thousand complimentaries with his picture on them.

A SCIENTIFIC item that intruded recently upon our solemn interests, becoming a sort of cork bobbing bothersomely about on our subconscious, concerned Dr. J. C. Steinberg of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Dr. Steinberg has discovered that he—and, we guess, anyone—can take years off his voice by talking with his mouth full of helium gas. Helium gives his voice a childish quality which lasts until he takes a few deep breaths of fresh air. The reason Dr. Steinberg endured in our mind is that the report didn't say anything about what he is getting at—just that he is "pushing forward with the experimentation." "What will it all lead to?" we keep asking ourself.

THESE are hard days for the people who work for newspapers. Surrounded by all the hell-fire coming in over the cables, the best journalistic minds are apt to get overheated and become obsessed with strange, wild thoughts. After a shattering week, when no man knew where he stood, we saw a dispatch in the *Times*, received via telephone from Greene County, New York, saying that Mr. Brooks Atkinson of the *Times*' Drama Department had called out the state troopers to hunt for a milestone he had lost—a hundred-and-fifty-pound monument, at least a century old, "marked in antique lettering," telling the exact distance from Mr. Atkinson's farm to Catskill, New York. "Perhaps," he was quoted as saying, "someone will see the story and give the stone back." Instantly we saw a picture of a *Times* man in the world's darkest hour, deprived of his milestone, uncertain of even his linear distance from a small town. We are assisting in advertising the loss, but we don't feel very much hope. There have been too many milestones missing lately, some of them with lettering as ancient as civilization. We don't know when, if ever, they will come back. Our advice to Mr. Atkinson is to give up his search. A cold rag on the temples would help, and a little rest, and no newspapers for a while.

OUR literary readers will recollect that Mark Twain, years ago, wrote a piece about a jingle that he couldn't get out of his head, until he had told it to somebody else. "Punch, boys, punch with care"—you remember it. Well, something has come along that has affected us as powerfully as "Punch, boys" affected Twain, so we're trying his remedy. Here goes. In the Broadway Lunch Bar, up on Columbus Avenue, hangs this sign: "Service and

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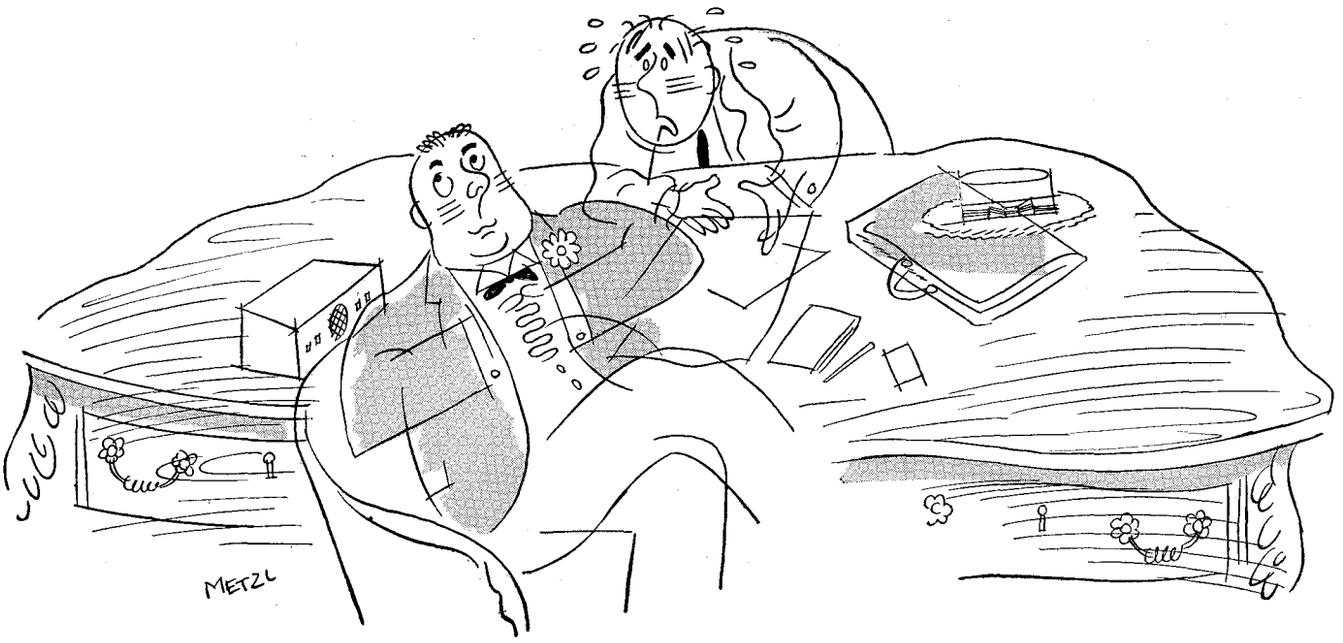
WHAT MAKES A MAN SAY "HUH?"



It was the salesman's big moment.

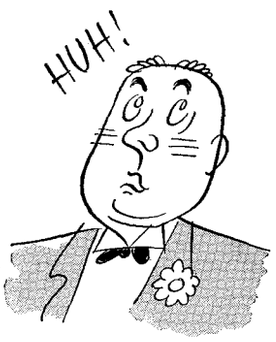
He had secured the coveted interview with Mr. Arthur B. Drudge. And what a hot prospect Mr. Drudge was! Lousy with money. Building a new home. A set-up for an oil-burner salesman.

To make the situation even more promising, the salesman's technique was specially hot today.

"And so, Mr. Drudge," he concluded after a breathless ten minutes, full of bang-bang selling, "we are able to offer you these 14 exclusive features at a price our competition can't even touch. Now if you'll just sign here . . ."

Mr. Drudge suddenly stirred in his chair. His face cleared.

"Huh?" he stammered. "What's that you said?"

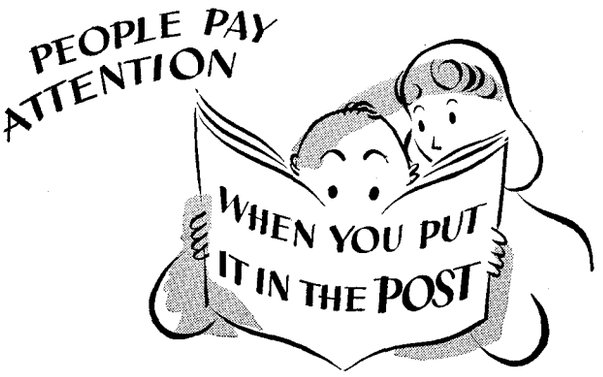


Everything was okay, you see—except this: Mr. Drudge's mind had been riveted—*on something else!*

Salesmen and advertisers know the hazard of the absent mind. They know they can't sell anybody unless he'll *pay attention*. So *smart advertisers put their copy* in the magazine where people say they like to read advertising.

What magazine is that? Ask America—and the answer comes back:

For attention, put your advertising in the Post—where people concentrate on advertising.



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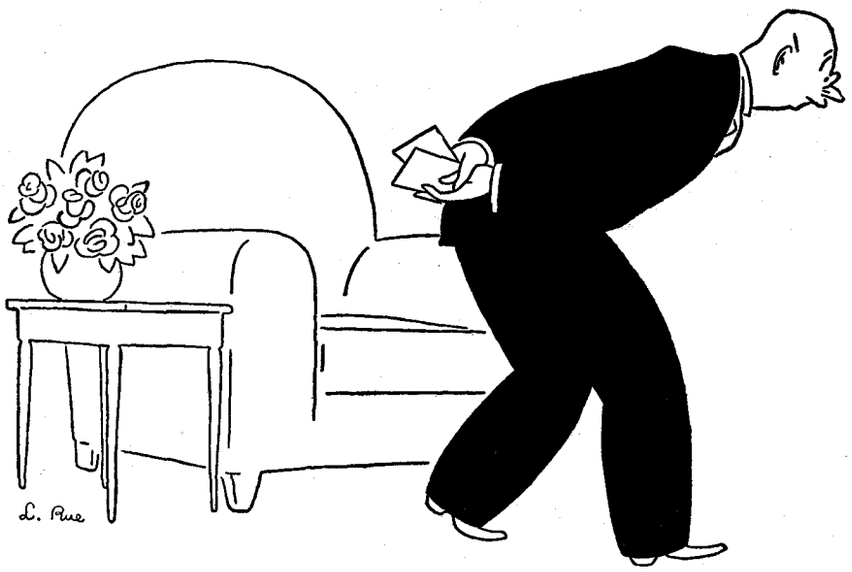
See Mr. Quinn and the Dilemma he's in!



Consider, for a moment, the sad plight of Mr. Quinn. He has just received two dinner invitations for the same evening. Knowing that *both* hosts always serve cocktails and highballs made with that *finest* of fine whiskies—*Four Roses*—he can't make up his mind which of the two invitations to accept. For the life of us, we can't see why he's in such a dither. He wins *either* way! By the way—have you discovered that serving Four Roses is a compliment guests always appreciate?

GUESTS REMEMBER THE HOST

WHO SERVES FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area perks up in the late afternoon and keeps going until 2 A.M. . . . Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10. . . . The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The L.I.R.R.: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2:58 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. . . **Independent subway:** best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. . . . I.R.T. and B.-M.T.: Flushing trains stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15) starts at 25th St., turns East on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Once an hour the Ballet Caravan puts on a lively skit based on Mr. Ford's success in relieving the horse of many of its duties. Movies of mass production, and a fashion show, too. Some tractors parade in a field outside, and then settle down to a little serious tilling.

Gardens on Parade (A)—Seasonal flowers in the gardens, and special exhibits of orchids and carnivorous plants. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—Better tackle the Futurama on a rainy day. It's practically impossible to squeeze in when the Fair's crowded. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—Another exhibit that frequently has a long waiting line. Precious stones of staggering value, including what is said to be the largest pearl in the world. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—About 400 canvases, representing all schools from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century, in a show that may not be quite as brilliant as last year's but still is good. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

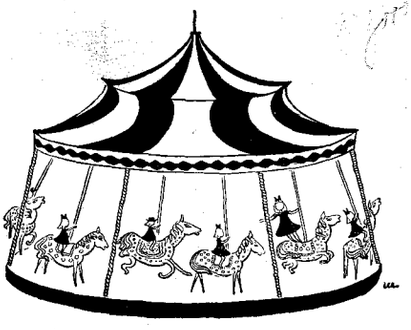
Railroads (F)—Engines and other rolling stock, accompanied by Kurt Weill music, appear in a big pageant called "Railroads on Parade," put on daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents. . . . More track and equipment have been added to the model exhibit, "Railroads in Action." A 30-minute show, continuous from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—Out-of-towners have the time of their lives calling up the folks back home while you unashamedly listen in.

Trylon and Perisphere—There they stand. Admission, 25 cents.

World of Fashion (D)—A bright array of feminine fashions includes a show, presented weekdays at 4:30 and 8 P.M., in which models display the latest gowns.

Others of Interest—At **America at Home** (C): a theatrical arrangement of model interiors, from which you may pick up some useful pointers. . . . **American Art Today** (A): the WPA's big and sprightly exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, murals, and folk art. . . . **Aviation** (G): transport and fighting planes, including the Army's new Curtiss P-40, a camouflaged pursuit ship which is supposed to be able to do 400 miles an hour and is being shown publicly for the first time. . . . **Borden's** (D): cows living their modern lives on and off the Rotolactor. . . . **Chrysler** (F): an amiable talking-and-cavorting car, and a glimpse of what a rocket port might look like. . . . **Consolidated Edison** (D): a diorama of the city by day and night. . . . **Du Pont** (D): demonstrations of how nylon and other synthetic wonders come out of a test tube. . . . **Electric Utilities** (E): what a New York street was like before the town was wired for light. . . . **Electrified Farm** (A): showing how far the countryside has come from the kerosene and hand-pump days. . . . **Firestone** (G): a complete tire factory, and live animals which you're supposed to imagine are in a Liberian jungle. . . . **General Electric** (E): they whip up a scary flash of lightning for you in Steinmetz Hall and show you quieter electrical tricks in the House of Magic. . . . **Glass Center** (D): glass-blowers busy at their craft, and glass being woven into cloth. . . . **Goodrich** (F): daredevil drivers, both male and female, skidding every which way; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **Hall of Inventions** (D): actual models, mostly of nineteenth-century gadgets, culled from the collection of the Patent Office. . . . **Kodak** (D): quantities of colored photographs, many times enlarged, thrown on eleven screens at once. . . . **Petroleum** (D): a full-sized oil derrick diligently, and thus far futilely, searching for oil hundreds of feet under Flushing. . . . **R.C.A.** (C): the latest in television. . . . **Stamp Exhibit,** in the British Building (A): a collection from England honoring the stick-on stamp on its hundredth birthday. . . . **Westinghouse** (E): a drop of water magnified on a screen to reveal all the tiny creatures inhabiting it and how they can be killed by light. . . . **Zoological Wonders** (H): a playful panda, an electric eel, and a bevy of penguins.



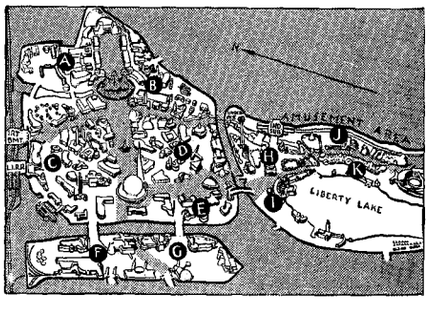
A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND. THIS LISTING COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, JULY 25, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JULY 31.

●

Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but among the attractive ones still open are those of Great Britain, Poland, Finland, Brazil, and, for the time being, France. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. As before, many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.

State Exhibits—Most of these are top-heavy with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an inviting beach on the lake front and an inviting interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.



THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—The Fair's own patriotic pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, Wynn Murray, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Joe Jackson wrestles with his bicycle, and the songs are by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Aquacade (I)—A fresh version of the Billy Rose water spectacle that did so well last year. Eleanor Holm is back, and among the other performers are Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—An enormous place, with bars, restaurants, and so on, and, in the centre of things, a stage where Hassard Short's elaborate white and colored revues follow one another in enjoyable and almost never-ending succession.

The Streets of Paris (H)—Michael Todd's shortened production, in the Fair's big Music Hall, of last year's Broadway revue, with Gypsy Rose Lee. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:45, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

Zombie (J)—One of those South Sea settings, with drinks to match; sponsored by the Beachcomber on Broadway. There's a rumba band in the garden every night except Mon., and John Kirby's orchestra plays at the bar on Fri., Sat., and Mon. Eves.

Some Other Places—At **Barbary Coast** (J): the customers around a large and generally crowded bar are prodded into dubious harmonizing by Kay Parsons and other musical folk. . . . **Dancing Campus** (I): Michael Todd's outdoor dance floor, which is frequently taken over by the very young and violent; dancing from about 6 P.M. on. . . . **Jungleland** (J): Frank Buck presents a circus and a mountain swarming with monkeys. . . . **Midget Town** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village. . . . **Odditorium** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people. . . . **Parachute Jump** (H): they pull you up about twenty floors and then let you drop; a honey if you don't mind heights. . . . **Winter Wonderland** (J): a skate-and-ski show that's cool to look at these days; frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

Ballantine's (H): the dean of the Fair restaurants, with sturdy food and a new outdoor bar. . . . **Belgian Building** (B): the fountain show seems to be put on especially for diners on this awninged terrace. . . . **Brazilian Building** (A): there's real Brazilian music here at the dinner hour. . . . **Gardens on Parade** (A): a bar, a soda fountain, and a friendly little café. . . . **Heineken's** (H): sustaining Dutch food and a view of the fireworks from the veranda. . . . **Hungarian Pavilion** (A): tables in the garden for patrons of the goulash bar, and an attractive restaurant upstairs for real dining. . . . **Iraq Pavilion** (A): the Bagdad Restaurant, serving the kind of food that makes the Arabs strong. . . . **McGinnis** (C): sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks in a pavilion as gay as a circus tent. . . . **Norwegian Building** (B): the *smörgåsbord* and the Wishing Pool will get you. . . . **Pabst** (K): a beer garden with a lakeside setting and maple trees twinkling with lights. . . . **Polish Building** (A): they still cook Polish, and that's what matters. . . . **Ponce de Leon Patio** (I): you take a motorboat to the Florida Building when you decide to sample Tampa's best. . . . **Ruby Foo's Lama Temple** (J): habit-forming Chinese food in a lively and gaudy setting. . . . **Rumania** (B): reasonably good fare in a charming restaurant and garden. . . . **Swedish Building** (D): snacks in the large, shady courtyard and more substantial meals in the restaurant nearby. . . . **Swiss Building** (A): cheerful and restful, whether you look up from the garden or down from the terrace. . . . **Washington Hall** (K): the screened lakeside veranda is an oasis of tranquility from teatime on.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).

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Sun., 2 to 6 P.M. . . . BRUNSWICK, ME., Bowdoin College Museum of Fine Arts. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 12 noon, and 2 to 4 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 4 P.M. . . . ANDOVER, MASS., Addison Gallery of American Art. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5 P.M. . . . CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Fogg Museum. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. . . . NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Smith College Museum of Art. Daily 2:30 to 4:30 P.M. . . . PITTSFIELD, MASS., Berkshire Museum. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . WORCESTER, MASS., Worcester Art Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . COOPERSTOWN, N.Y., New York State Historical Association. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . PEACE DALE, R.I., Neighborhood Guild, benefit exhibition for war relief. Daily 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. . . . PROVIDENCE, R.I., Museum of the Rhode Island School of Design. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.

For fine examples of Early American craftsmanship and folk art: NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Old Dartmouth Historical Society and Whaling Museum. Weekdays, except Mon., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . SALEM, MASS., Essex Institute. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . DOYLESTOWN, PA., Bucks County Historical Society Museum. Weekdays 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Most of the art colonies round about have shows of one sort or another through the summer. Some that are perhaps particularly worth noting: GUILFORD, CONN., Guilford Art Institute. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . MYSTIC, CONN., Mystic Art Association. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5:30 P.M. (closed Sun., July 28, through Tues., July 30). . . . NORWALK, CONN., Silvermine Guild. Daily 1 to 6 P.M. . . . OLD LYME, CONN., Lyme Art Association. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M. . . . OGUNQUIT, ME., Ogunquit Art Center, eighteenth annual show. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . GLOUCESTER, MASS., Gloucester Society of Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M. (closed Wed., July 31, through Fri., Aug. 2). . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS., Provincetown Art Association. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 27. . . . ROCKPORT, MASS., Rockport Art Association, twentieth annual show. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 3. . . . WOODSTOCK, N.Y., Woodstock Artists Association, twenty-first annual show. Mon. through Fri., 1:30 to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (closed Thurs., Aug. 1).

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Stokowski conducting his new All-American Youth Orchestra, Thurs. and Fri., July 25-26. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony: Steinberg conducting, Sat. and Sun., July 27-28, and Sat., Aug. 3; Smallens conducting, Mon. through Fri., July 29-Aug. 2. Special features: Lhevinne, July 27; "Carmen," with Rose Pauly and Armand Tokatyan, July 29-30; Corigliano, July 31; the Ballet Theatre in "Peter and the Wolf," the second act of "Giselle," and "Goya Pastoral," Aug. 1-2. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. July 29-30, at 8:15; other Eves. at 8:30. Downtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534.)

GOODMAN BAND—At Central Park Mall, Mon., Fri., and Sun. Eves. at 8:30; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:30.

NEGRO MUSIC—Sung and played by Maxine Sullivan, W. C. Handy, James C. Johnson, and others: American Common, World's Fair, Fri. Eve., July 26, at 7:30.

OUT OF TOWN—Berkshire Symphonic Festival, Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting: Tanglewood, Route 183, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass., Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Aug. 1 and 3, at 8:30. . . . The Colony Opera Guild presenting the second acts of "Faust" and "Martha": Barn Theatre, on the estate of Mrs. Charles S. Peabody, Bolton Rd., Bolton Landing, N.Y., Fri. Eve., Aug. 2, at 8:45. . . . Gordon String Quartet: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . South Mountain String Quartet: Temple of Music, South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . Curtis String Quartet: Captain Eell's Boat Barn, Rockport, Me., Sun. Eves. at 8:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. Aft., July 25, at 3:15. Giants vs. Chicago, Fri. Aft., July 26, at 3:15; Sat. and Sun. Afts., July 27-28, at 3. Giants vs. Cincinnati, Mon. and Tues. Afts., July 29-30, at 3:15; Wed. Eve., July 31, at 8:45. Giants vs. St. Louis, Fri. Aft., Aug. 2, at 3:15; Sat. Aft., Aug. 3, at 3. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Fri. Aft., July 26, at 3; Sat. Aft., July 27, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., July 28 (doubleheader), at 2:05. Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Tues. Eve., July 30, at 8:45; Thurs. Aft., Aug. 1 (doubleheader), at 1:30. Dodgers vs. Chicago, Fri. Aft., Aug. 2, at 3; Sat. Aft., Aug. 3, at 2:30.

DOG SHOW—Lackawanna Kennel Club, Mt. Pocono, Pa., Sat., Aug. 3, at 9 A.M.

GOLF—Invitation Member-Guest Tournament, Inwood C.C., Inwood, L.I., Fri. through Sun., July 26-28. . . . Invitation Four-Ball Tournament, Winged Foot G.C., Mamaroneck, Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 1-4.

HORSE SHOWS—Jersey Shore, Spring Lake, N.J., Fri. and Sat., July 26-27, at 2 and 8 P.M., and Sun., July 28, at 2 P.M. . . . Lakeville, Conn., Sat., July 27, at 9 A.M., and Sun., July 28, at 12:30 P.M. . . . Pittsfield, Mass., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 2-3, at 9 A.M.

POLO—National Twenty-Goal Championship finals, Roslyn, L.I., Thurs. Aft., July 25, at 5:30; and

SELWYN KIP FARRINGTON, JR.,

snapped with his second broadbill of the season, which he caught off Montauk. Or maybe that isn't a broadbill. Anyway, Mr. Farrington is the nation's most avid salt-water fisherman, having snagged one specimen at least of every sort of game fish in the Atlantic Ocean, and all but two of those in the Pacific. Never mind what two. He's salt-water editor of "Field & Stream," writes books on fishing, and likes shore dinners. Fills in the dull intervals of his life as a stockbroker.

• •

Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Aft., July 28, at 3:30. . . . High-goal play at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury; Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30.

RACING—Daily at Empire City, at 2:15 P.M.; through Sat., July 27. The Yonkers Handicap, July 27. (Special trains leave Grand Central daily at 1:05 and 1:30 P.M.) . . . Weekdays at Saratoga Springs, at 2:45 P.M., starting Mon., July 29. The United States Hotel Stakes and the Saratoga Handicap, Aug. 3. (Regular train will leave Grand Central weekdays at 9:30 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:33 P.M. The Saturday Special will leave Grand Central at 9:30 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:30 P.M.)

TENNIS—Invitation Tournament, Sea Bright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, Sea Bright, N.J., daily through Sun., July 28. . . . Men's Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. . . . Women's Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. . . . Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester C.C., Rye, starting Sat., Aug. 3.

YACHTING—Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Stamford Y.C., Sat., July 27; Riverside Y.C., Sat., Aug. 3. . . . Race Week, Marblehead, Mass., starting Sat., Aug. 3.

OTHER EVENTS

DA VINCI EXHIBITION—Two hundred or so models of his inventions, recently constructed in Milan from his sketches and notes: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center, daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

FIGURE-SKATING OPERETTA—Skaters and singers in Lake Placid's annual big show: Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 1-3, at 8:30.

S.S. AMERICA—The new American liner is scheduled to dock at Pier 59 (W. 18th St.), Mon., July 29, at about 12 noon; visiting days to be announced later.

ON THE AIR

RACING—Yonkers Handicap, at Empire City: Sat. Aft., July 27, at 4:30, WABC, WTZ. . . . Hollywood Gold Cup, at Inglewood, Calif.: Sat. Eve., July 27, at 9:30, WJZ, WOR. . . . Saratoga Handicap, at Saratoga Springs: Sat. Aft., Aug. 3, at 5:30, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, and Wed. and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Mon. Eves. at 9, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WJZ.

TELEVISION—The arrival of the S.S. America: Mon., July 29, at 12 noon, W2XBS.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO—Bette Davis and Charles Boyer, with Barbara O'Neill, in a thorough, rather too long, but often stirring film version of Rachel Field's best-seller. That aristocratic French murder case, you know. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., July 31.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—French and sprightly and unusual. About a small village in France and the troubles a pretty wife can make for an older husband. (World, 153 W. 49.)

THE EARL OF CHICAGO—A light Robert Montgomery item, but somewhat different from the usual run. About a racketeer and the British feudal system. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 30-Aug. 1.)

EDISON, THE MAN—Spencer Tracy manages a respectable portrait of the inventor which should please the calmer element. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., July 25-29. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., July 26-28. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., July 26-29.)

GONE WITH THE WIND—Vivien Leigh, Olivia de Havilland, Clark Gable, and crowds and armies, all with plenty of time to give us their best. (Astor, B'way at 45. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Sun., July 28.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH—The superb film of the year. Steinbeck's novel of the Okies magnificently adjusted to the screen. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., July 25.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE—Airy nonsense about a wife who disappears for seven years and then comes back home. With Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. through Fri., July 30-Aug. 2. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; starting Fri., Aug. 2.)

REBECCA—Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, and Judith Anderson in a picturesquely grim account of life in a great English manor house. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., July 26-29. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., July 29-30.)

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER—Very gentle, but in its way a soothing romantic comedy. With Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., July 30-31.)

TORRID ZONE—Ann Sheridan, Cagney, and O'Brien in a tough, cheery item about life among the banana-pickers of South America. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., July 25-26. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., July 26-29.)

REVIVALS

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—French film. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

GOODBYE MR. CHIPS (1939)—Robert Donat and Greer Garson. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., July 26-29. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., July 28-29.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—With Dame May Whitty. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs. through Sat., July 25-27.)

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON (1939)—Jean Arthur and James Stewart. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Fri., July 31-Aug. 2.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs. through Sat., July 25-27.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., July 25-27.)

SECRET AGENT (1936)—Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, and Peter Lorre. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. through Tues., July 28-30.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (1938)—Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Criterion, B'way at 44; starting Sat., July 27.)

THESE THREE (1936)—Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., July 30-31.)

THE WOMAN ALONE (1937)—With Sylvia Sidney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Fri., July 31-Aug. 2.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME (1934)—With W. C. Fields. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 30-Aug. 1.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: Douglas Fairbanks series—"The Thief of Bagdad," Thurs., July 27; "The Black Pirate," Fri., July 26; "Around the World in Eighty Minutes," Sat., July 27; excerpts from "The Lamb," "The Mollycoddle," "Say, Young Fellow," "Knickerbocker Buckaroo," "A Modern Musketeer," "Don Q," and "The Taming of the Shrew," Sun., July 28; "Manhattan Madness" and "Wild and Woolly," Mon., July 29; "When the Clouds Roll By" and "The Nut," Tues., July 30; "The Mark of Zorro," Wed., July 31. . . . Comedy series—"It Happened One Night," with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, Thurs., Aug. 1; "Duck Soup," with the Marx Brothers, and "The Barber Shop," with W. C. Fields, Fri., Aug. 2; "The Sex Life of the Polyp," with Robert Benchley, and "Blonde Crazy," with Joan Blondell and Jimmy Cagney, Sat., Aug. 3.

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vertising a restaurant," Mr. Clay said.

Trent had come to their table with the drinks. "It came with the place," he apologized. "I didn't have the heart to take it down."

"There's nothing wrong with it," Mr. Clay said quickly, hoping he hadn't hurt Trent's feelings. "It's an admirable sentiment." He tasted the drink. "Wonderful!" he said loudly, over the singing, to make Trent feel better. "Absolutely wonderful!"

Trent smiled and went back to the bar, where his six customers were calling for more drinks.

MR. CLAY settled back in his chair, savoring his drink, expecting a good dinner. "Now, tell me," he said, "why you dragged me up here."

Margaret played reflectively with her glass. "I wanted to ask your advice," she said.

Mr. Clay sat forward and stared intently at his daughter. Usually when girls that age asked advice in that sober, reflective tone, it was on only one subject. Margaret noticed him leaning forward, staring at her, his handsome gray eyes now full of worry and suspicion.

"What's the matter?" Margaret asked. "What're you looking so scared about?"

"You can tell me everything," Mr. Clay said, wishing she wouldn't.

"Oh!" Margaret said. "Please sit back. The patient isn't dying. All I brought you up here for was to tell you I wanted to quit school. Now, take that look out of your eyes." She laughed, but her laugh was nervous, and over her glass she eyed her father, who ran a great business and paid a huge income tax each year to the government.

"I didn't have any look in my eyes," Mr. Clay said, laughing, deciding instantly that that was the way to handle it—gently, with an easy laugh, pretending that it was all light and cheerful, that he was a good fellow, practically her own age, that he understood everything. "Who's the boy?"

"It isn't any boy."

"Now, Margaret," he said lightly, "your father's been around—"

"I know my father's been around," Margaret said. "The headwaiters' delight." Mr. Clay looked hurt, his eyes narrowing, his mouth falling into the straight line Margaret remembered, and she spoke hurriedly. "I don't mind it," she said. "In fact, I like it. It makes me feel I come from durable yet light-footed stock. Every time I see your picture with one of those girls in a mink coat, I feel proud. Honest."

"We're planning a good-will tour through South America."

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"What I meant to say," Mr. Clay said coldly, "was that you could tell me the truth."

"There isn't any boy."

"To my daughter!" Mrs. Taylor said loudly, her glass held high. "This is an anniversary. A year ago I gave my pure and beautiful daughter away in marriage. Now I'm a grandmother. To my daughter!"

"To the grandmother!" said Oliver, the one who spoke the loudest and oftenest and with the most assurance. "To the poor, broken-down, pure, and beautiful old grandmother!"

All the people at the bar laughed, as though this was a wonderful joke, and Oliver slapped Mrs. Taylor heartily on the back. "Now, Oliver," she said mildly, wriggling her back.

"I just want to quit school," Margaret said, scowling a little at the people making so much noise at the bar. "It bores me."

"It's the best school for women in the country," Mr. Clay said. "And you've done very well. And you've only got two more years to go."

"It bores me."

"I've always thought," Mr. Clay said carefully, "that a good school was the best place for a young and unsettled girl to spend four very important years of her life."

"I'm in abeyance in school," Margaret said. "My whole life's in abeyance. Everything's happening outside and nothing's happening inside. A girls' school is a continual Junior League ball!"

"It seems to me there're a couple of classes to be attended," Mr. Clay said with heavy irony. "Or so I've heard."

"Remote, remote," Margaret said dreamily. "Anglo-Saxon literature. The development of the novel. The nervous system of the worm. You look at the front page of one newspaper, you listen to one conversation in the subway in New York, when you go in on a week-end, you see one play, and your mind begins to itch because you're stuck in that organdie-and-douche-bag nunnery."

"Margaret!" Mr. Clay said, honestly shocked.

"The French novel, Elizabethan poetry, *exclusive* of the drama—remote, remote, the world's racing by. Mr. Trent," Margaret called, "we want two more."

"A good college affords protection." Mr. Clay felt uneasy saying it, but felt he had to say it or something like it, play the father decently and in good form, although he had never played the father

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with Margaret, had always been friendly and easy with her until the past year, when she had suddenly changed. "It affords protection to a young girl at a time when she's unstable, easily swayed—"

"I don't want to be afforded protection," Margaret said. "I want to be easily swayed." She looked out at the sign, standing, lit, on the lawn. " 'Free conscience, void of offence, 1840.' That's the nicest thing about this whole place."

Trent came over with the drinks. Neatly and ceremoniously, he cleared away the old glasses, the wet paper napkins, flicked ashes, put down the fresh glasses, smiling admiringly at Mr. Clay, because his suit, shoes, wristwatch, the complexion of his skin were all handsome, expensive, rigorously correct.

Margaret watched the people at the bar while Trent fussed over the table. The men all had on dark-gray or blue double-breasted suits and starched white collars, as sharp and neat as knives, and ties, small, precise, of heavy silk, fitted into the collars so snugly that they seemed to spring from the throat itself. Cuff links, neat but expensive, gleamed at all their wrists, and their shoes, deeply shining and brought from England, made them look as though they were all equipped with exactly the same feet. Their faces, Margaret thought, were familiar, the faces of her friends' fathers, well barbered, controlled, with not too much fat on them; the lines not deep now but soon to be deep; the eyes, the mouths, assured, arrogant, superior, because the men had never found a place in the last forty years of their lives where they hadn't made themselves at home, felt themselves superior. They were the faces of businessmen ready to assume responsibility, give orders, watch machines run for them, money be counted for them. They had come from the same colleges, married the same girls, listened to the same sermons, were marked similarly, the way bullets fired from the same gun are similarly marked, can be identified when dug out of walls, picture frames, car moldings, victims.

"I'M going to get drunk tonight," Mrs. Taylor was saying. "I'm not going to church tomorrow. I prayed all week and I don't have to go to church tomorrow. I'm going to get drunk."

"Mrs. Chamberlain prayed every morning," one of the suburban mothers, a bright blonde, said. "She went in and prayed in Westminster Abbey while her husband was flying day after day to Germany."

"That's the sort of wife to have," Mr. Taylor said.

"It was the old man's first trip," the fattest man said. "He'd never been up in an airplane before. Sixty-nine years old. That's a hell of a first trip!"

" 'Out of the nettle danger,' " the blonde said, " 'we have plucked the flower safety,' he said when he came back. It's from Shakespeare. He's a well-educated man."

"All those Englishmen are well educated," Mr. Taylor said. "The ruling class. They know how to run a country. Not like what we have here."

"The contacts you make at college," Mr. Clay said, "are the most important—"

"Sh-h-h." Margaret waved impatiently at him. "I'm listening."

"I'm going to get drunk tonight," Mrs. Taylor said. "I prayed for peace so my son wouldn't have to go to war, and I got peace. What do I have to go to church for any more? Let's have another round."

"Peace in our time," the blonde said. "That's what he said when he got off the plane. That old man with the umbrella."

"Do you want my advice?" Mr. Clay asked.

Margaret looked at him, at the face she remembered as the first thing in her life, deep down at the bottom of memory, the handsome, easy, cheerful face, now troubled, puzzled, in a funny way helpless, loaded tonight with this problem of a twenty-year-old daughter. "Sure," Margaret said softly, feeling suddenly sorry for her father. "I want your advice. That's why I asked you to come. You're dependable," she said, smiling. "After all, you were the one who advised me to cut my hair the first time."

Mr. Clay smiled happily. He sipped his drink, spread his beautiful, well-kept hands lightly on the table, talked gently to his daughter. She watched the people at the bar as he talked about the friends you made at college, the people you could live with for the rest of your life, the memories you stored up, the important contacts.

A NEW party had come in, two men and two women, all of them with cold, red faces, as though they had been riding in an open car. One of the men was just like the other men at the bar—neat, double-breasted in blue, with English feet—and the women, though younger, lived on the same streets as the women already at the bar. The second man was a huge, fat man in a light tweed suit with a black slip-on sweater under it and a white shirt, very white now under the heavy-hanging, deep-red jowls.

"Roar, Lion, Roar," the man in tweeds was singing. "Twenty-seven–fourteen."

"Who won?" asked Mr. Taylor.

"Columbia," the man in tweeds said. "Twenty-seven–fourteen. Hail Columbia! I'm a Columbia man."

"Who'd've thought that a team from New York City would ever beat Yale?" Mr. Taylor said.

"I don't believe it," Oliver said.

"Twenty-seven–fourteen," the man in tweeds said. "Luckman ran over them."

"We're from Yale," Mr. Taylor said. "All of us. Yale 1912."

"Have a drink on a Columbia man," the man in tweeds said. "Everybody." He ordered the drinks and they sang "Roar, Lion, Roar," the two parties melting happily and naturally together.

Margaret heard her father going on seriously about your needing solid friends to depend on later on, and, by God, the place where you developed them, people of your own kind that you could cleave to through thick and thin. . . . She watched the huge man in tweeds as he drank, sang out "Roar, Lion, Roar," his behind quivering deeply under the expanse of heavy, rough cloth.

"Can you sing 'Stand, Columbia'?" Mrs. Taylor asked. "That's a Columbia song. You ought to be able to sing it."

"I would," said the fat man, "only my throat's too hoarse for a song like that."

They sang "Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, It's Off to Work We Go," their voices hearty, full of whiskey and pleasure and loud good-fellowship.

"I would like to hear 'Stand, Columbia,' " Mrs. Taylor said.

"Did you hear this one?" the fat man said. And he sang, "Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, I joined the C.I.O., I pay my dues to a bunch of Jews, heigh-ho, heigh-ho!"

Oliver, who had been slapping Mrs. Taylor on the back, slapped the fat man on the back in appreciation, and all the others laughed and beat on the bar approvingly, and Trent, who was standing behind the bar, looked out nervously across the room, scanning it for a

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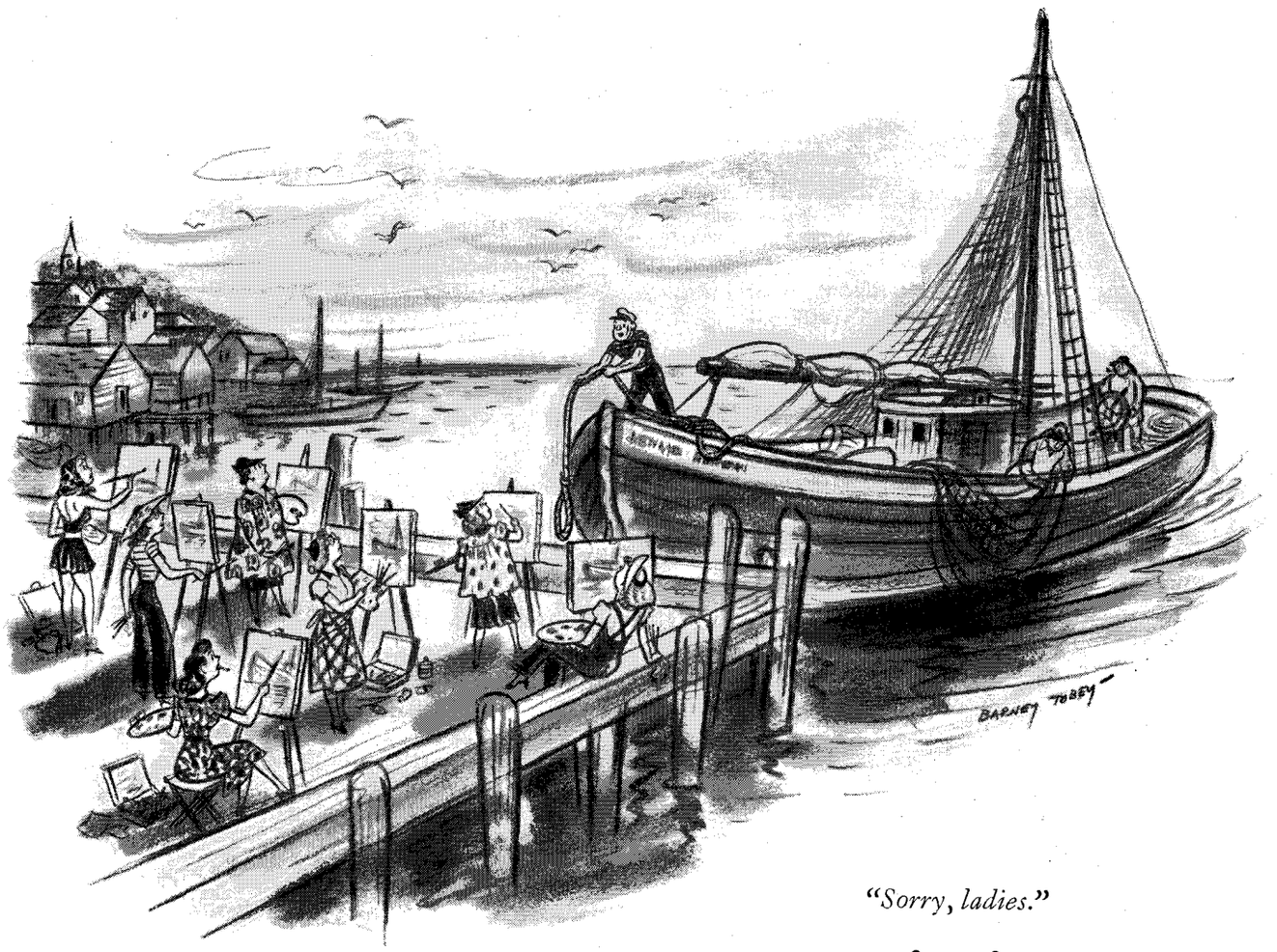

"Sorry, ladies."

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Jewish face. Seeing none, he permitted himself to smile.

"Once again," the fat man said, beaming, standing up to lead with large gestures of his arms, "before we leave for Poughkeepsie."

All the voices, middle-aged, hoarse, joined happily in the chorus, the song more spontaneous, full of more joy and celebration and real pleasure, than any before that evening. "Heigh-ho," they sang joyously, "heigh-ho, we've joined the C.I.O., We've paid our dues to a bunch of Jews, heigh-ho, heigh-ho!"

They laughed and clapped each other on the back, the room echoing and re-echoing as they banged the bar and roared.

"Oh, I love it!" Mrs. Taylor gasped.

Margaret turned her back on them and looked at her father. He was laughing, too.

Margaret looked carefully at him, as though he were a man whom she had just met. Her father's face was not fat, Margaret noticed, but almost so. His gray suit was double-breasted and his collar was sharp, starched white. The heavy silk necktie flowed like a spring from his lined though ruddy throat, and his shoes looked as though they had been brought from England for carefully custom-built feet. She looked at his face, like the faces of the fathers of her friends, the men who had been graduated from the good colleges around 1910 and had gone on to stand at the head of businesses, committees, charity organizations, lodges, lobbies, political parties, who got brick red when they thought of the income tax, who said, "That lunatic in the White House." Her father was sitting across the table with that face, laughing.

"What're you laughing at?" Margaret asked. "What the hell are you laughing at?"

Mr. Clay stopped laughing, but a look of surprise seemed to hang over as a kind of transition expression on his face. Margaret stood up as the man in tweeds and his friends left to go to Poughkeepsie.

"Where're you going?" Mr. Clay asked.

"I don't feel like eating here," Margaret said, putting on her coat.

Mr. Clay left some bills for the check, and put his coat on. "I thought you wanted me to tell you what I thought," he said. "I thought you wanted me to advise . . ."

Margaret said nothing as they started out.

"I don't believe he was a Columbia man at all," Mrs. Taylor was saying as Margaret passed her. "He couldn't sing 'Stand, Columbia.'"

"That's right," said Mr. Taylor. "Too tweedy, too much sweater."

"To Neville Chamberlain!" Mrs. Taylor said, her thin, white fingers holding her cocktail glass high. "I'm going to get drunk tonight. I don't have to go to church tomorrow."

Margaret closed the door behind her and walked with her father toward their car, past the sign on the lawn, lit and shaking in the wind, with the dry leaves blowing against it.

This was in the autumn of 1938, the year Columbia beat Yale 27–14 in the first game of the season.

—Irwin Shaw

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From Look*]

In seven years as Mayor of New York he has raised himself to the status of a one-man national movement. Today, at 58, he stands at the crossroads, facing three ways.

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"You're making a grave mistake, Miss Loesch. We scoutmasters are not entrusted with military secrets."

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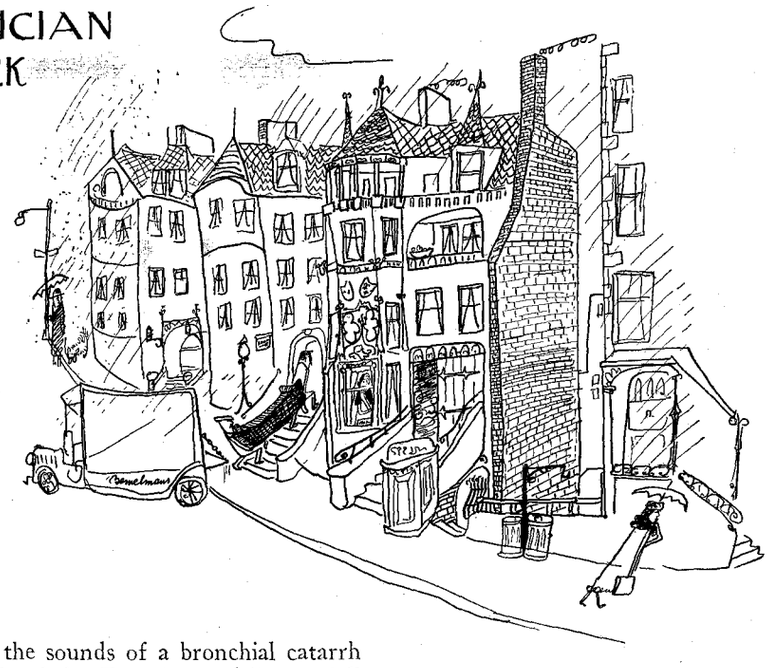
THE SPLENDIDE'S MAGICIAN DOES A NEW TRICK



ONE day Professor Gorylescu, the magician, came to see me at the banquet office of the Hotel Splendide, where I was then working as an assistant maître d'hôtel. As was his custom, he hung his cane on the doorknob, skimmed through the pages of the book in which reservations for small dinners are recorded, and absorbed all the names, addresses, and telephone numbers in his crafty mind. Then he sat down and asked me if I knew anything about dogs. He wanted to get a dog, he said, and he had seen one he thought he might buy. It was in a shop on Forty-ninth Street only a few blocks from the hotel and was very expensive. He wanted a dog because he had decided he could use one in his sleight-of-hand performances, and he wanted me to come with him and look at the one he had found and see if I thought it would be a good dog for that purpose.

I took down my hat, put on a coat to hide my uniform, and we walked to the pet store. The dog of Professor Gorylescu's choice was a toy griffon; he sat in a garden of excelsior in the shop window and at frequent intervals was half smothered under the pink-and-black bellies of some fox-terrier puppies who seemed to move always in an avalanche. His name, we learned, was Confetti. Between avalanches, Confetti would right himself and look thoughtfully at the floor, as if he were trying to figure something out. He did not want to play. The proprietor of the shop asked fifty dollars for him and Gorylescu bought him for thirty-five, with a leash and collar thrown in.

We took Confetti to the hotel and I gave him part of a dish of *moussakka d'agneau à la Moldave*, which I had ordered for my lunch. He pushed the saucer under my desk and clattered around with it, and the Professor went out to buy a dog bed, a currycomb, some dog biscuits, and a dish for food. Confetti came out from under the desk and I got acquainted with him. He was a weird dog. He had a loose coat somewhat like the plumage of a grouse and his four legs were stuck into him without much care for design. He walked sideways with a sort of hop. He looked a hundred years old, and a hundred years of cynicism were in the misery of his lips and eyes. The end of his tongue stuck out between his teeth, and when he wanted to show affection he exploded with the sounds of a bronchial catarrh and drooled. Freezing and jittery, full of little fears, suspicions, and nervous twinges, he seemed to me to be the perfect dog for a sorcerer. He was exactly suited to Gorylescu and I was glad I had advised Gorylescu to buy him.

I SAW Confetti again a few weeks later when Gorylescu asked me to come to his house. Gorylescu had taught Confetti the first simple tricks, and before showing them in public, he wanted a few friends to come and see how clever the little dog was and how fast he had learned his lessons. I took a bus up to the château country in the Seventies between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive, where Gorylescu lived. Whenever I went to see him the street scene seemed always the same, an identical arrangement of people and things. There was invariably at one end of the block a man walking a chow dog, at the other end a woman carrying a hatbox, and between the two a Wanamaker truck, with two men carrying a couch either into a house or out of it. In the Hudson, as always, was a battleship. I went to the door of the gray castle on whose fourth floor Gorylescu lived, and rang the bell. Mrs. Houlberg, the silent woman who ran the rooming house, stood at the window, as she always did, looking out into the street with one hand held diagonally across her face.

Gorylescu had not come in yet and I sat in the entrance hall of the house and waited for him. Mrs. Houlberg told me why she always looked out into the street. It was, she said, on account of her husband. He suffered from a serious heart condition and she waited for him in fear every evening, afraid he might not come home, or, if he did, that people would be carrying him. He kept a card in the outer pocket of his coat on which she had lettered instructions where to bring him in case he was suddenly stricken. As she spoke, she turned her face in my direction only for brief moments, keeping her eyes the rest of the time on the street outside.

"He'll go," she said, and snapped her thin fingers. "He'll go just like that. One day they'll carry him in here—dead."

Mr. Houlberg, I learned, had a button-and-ribbon business somewhere in back of Lord & Taylor's, and he worked too hard.

Mrs. Houlberg did not approve of Gorylescu's way of living. He had too many girls, she said. She needed his rent money badly or she would long ago have asked him to move out. She said that the visits of women all day long, and at late hours even, gave the house a bad name. As she spoke, the door opened and a girl with a small bag came in and went upstairs without saying anything. "That's what I mean," said Mrs. Houlberg, nodding at the girl's back. "That's one of them. That's the latest one. She has a key and she's going up to his room now." The girl was young, had a run in one of her stockings, nice legs, thick lips, and blue-black hair. Polish, I thought—perhaps from Scranton.

As for the dog, Mrs. Houlberg liked dogs, she said, and she did not mind feeding Confetti. But she wished that Gorylescu would keep him upstairs. Ev-

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er since the Professor had brought him down and shown him off, Mr. Houlberg and the little dog had been inseparable friends. They played together, the man at the risk of his life. "He's not supposed to jump or bend or run up and down the stairs," she said. "He's supposed to sit still and be quiet and not get excited. There he comes now," she said, and opened the door. Mr. Houlberg looked as I feared he would. He sat down and asked how Confetti was, and then he leaned back and looked at the ceiling and left his mouth open.

The Professor, who had been out airing Confetti, came in a moment later and Confetti ran to Mr. Houlberg as soon as he saw him, hopped into his lap, licked his hands, and tried to reach his face. Mr. Houlberg petted him and talked to him in German. There is a curious phrase which all people who speak German use when talking to a dog. They say, "*Ja wo ist denn das Hunderl? Ja wo is er denn? Ja wo is er denn?*" This is repeated as long as the conversation lasts and is altogether meaningless, the translation being, "Where is the little dog? Where is he? Where is he?" This goes on while the little dog sits right in front of them. Mr. Houlberg said it over and over, and then the Professor and Confetti and I went upstairs. The Professor kissed the hand of the Polish girl, who said she was Spanish, that her name was Mercedes, and that she was a dancer. Two more friends of the Professor's came in, a theatrical agent and a man from a magicians' supply house, and the Professor got ready for his performance.

He went back of a Japanese screen and put on a tailcoat, a garment especially made for his act with Confetti. It had trick pockets all over it, big enough for Confetti to get into. The performance went very smoothly. Confetti disappeared slowly and came back again. Then he disappeared fast, both from in front and from in back of the Professor and while the Professor was sitting, reclining, walking, standing, or turning around. The dog folded himself up silently and went into a pocket under the lapel or into one in the tails of the dress coat. After that was over, the Professor asked Confetti questions on international affairs, on the marital problems of movie stars, and even on what the future held for various politicians in the highest offices. Confetti answered with a nod of the head for "Yes" and shook his head for "No." The Professor explained that he was trying to teach him to shrug his shoulders in answer to the more delicate questions.

After the performance the little dog hissed and coughed and scratched the floor, bowing to our applause. Then the Professor said goodbye to all of us except the Spanish dancer, and as we left Confetti squeezed out of the door and ran downstairs to his friend Mr. Houlberg. He had smelled red cabbage and *Sauerbraten* and was going to get some.

A FEW days after all this, Gorylescu took the dog with him to Florida. He had made arrangements to appear with Confetti and an orchestra at some night club in Palm Beach. He came back to New York at the end of the season and stopped by the hotel as soon as he got off the train. We had written to him about an important engagement for the day after his return and he now asked double the price he formerly got and said that half of his fee was for Confetti, who was a sensa-

PORTRAIT OF A COG

You have forgotten the monthly conference. Your four-o'clock appointment
waits in the anteroom. The uptown bureau is on the wire again.
Most of your correspondence is still unanswered, these bills have not been
paid, and none of your accounts have been brought up to date.
And where are this morning's reports? They must be filed at once, at once.

It is an hour you do not fully understand, a mood you have had so many times
but cannot quite describe;
It is a fantastic situation grown so familiar it is commonplace and dull;
It is an unlikely plot, a scheme, a conspiracy you helped to begin but do not,
any longer, control at all.

Perhaps you are really in league with some maniac partner whom you have never
met, whose voice you have never heard, whose name you do not
even know.
It is a destiny that is yours, yours, all yours and only yours, a fate that you have
long ago disowned and disavowed.

When they dig you up, in a thousand years, they will find you in just this pose,
One hand upon the buzzer, the other reaching for the phone, eyes fixed upon
the calendar, feet firmly on the office rug.

Shall you ring for your secretary? And then dictate this memo:
No (overwhelming) passions. No (remarkable) vices. No (memorable) virtues.
No (terrific) motives.

Yes, when they dig you up, like this, a thousand years from now,
They will say, Just as he was in life. A man typical of the times, engaged in
typical affairs.
Notice the features especially, they will say. How self-assured they are, and
how serene.

—KENNETH FEARING

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tion. He asked me to come along to his house and see for myself.

As we went out through the lobby of the Splendide, he waved to a girl who was waiting there, the dog in her arm. It was the Spanish dancer. She came along with us. Outside was a taxi with a theatrical trunk strapped on the back, a trunk, Gorylescu explained, that he never let out of his sight.

"Never take a dog to Florida," the Professor said to us on the way uptown, "on account of ticks. It's full of ticks down there. Look at him, he's full of them." Confetti scratched himself all the way up to the Riverside Drive castle.

For once, Mrs. Houlberg was not at the window. We went upstairs, all of us helping to carry the trunk. The Professor unlocked the door to his room, quickly looked through the accumulated mail, sorted letters from bills, and sniffed at several of the smaller envelopes. The girl silently unpacked the trunk. First she took out a collapsible chair that had a box under the seat instead of legs. Next she produced a nest of black and gold Chinese lacquer boxes. Then she laid out some tiny black garments which turned out to be full evening dress for Confetti.

"Take good care of it, son. It belonged to your father."

• •

While the Professor dressed the dog, he explained the routine. The first trick, he said, went like this: On one side of the stage, or the room, the dog sits on a chair facing the audience. On the other side stands the Professor. He asks a lady in the audience for the loan of a diamond bracelet. "One, two, three," and the bracelet is gone. Next, "Ffffft" —the dog is gone. An attendant brings in a Chinese lacquer box, gold and black. The Professor opens it. Inside is a smaller box, inside that another one, and in the third box, unharmed and wearing the diamond bracelet around his neck, is Confetti.

"Now watch it closely," said the Professor. He buttoned a high collar around Confetti's neck. The dog pulled his mouth sideways in annoyance, sneezed, and then tried to get some comfort by turning his head from side to side. Standing behind him, the Professor made a neat knot in the white tie under the dog's chin. "Now," he said, "watch it closely!"

Confetti sat on his chair facing us. There was no bracelet, so the girl gave the Professor her wristwatch instead. "One, two, three," the Professor said, and the wristwatch was gone. Then, "Ffffft"—the dog disappeared. The girl brought in the Chinese boxes and put them on the chair. Then she sat down beside me and chewed gum stolidly. "Now watch me closely," said the Professor, and he took out the first box, then the second. Then he smiled, raised his eyebrows to a high degree of fake surprise, and reached into the last of the small boxes. His face changed suddenly and he was really surprised now. The girl stopped chewing. The box was empty. No dog, no wristwatch.

The Professor started several sentences of alarm and explanation while he looked behind the Japanese screen, under the couch, and into the trapdoor that was built into the chair. Having searched the room, he went out into the hall to whistle for the dog. On the stairs he saw the wristwatch, and now he knew where Confetti was—down looking for his friend Mr. Houlberg.

We all trooped to the basement, where the Houlbergs lived. The place smelled of flowers, there was a shabby palm in the hallway, and from the Houlbergs' parlor shone an uncertain, flickering light. It was the light of candles. The mourners sat in a circle which was open toward the door, and in a casket, as his wife so often had predicted, lay Mr. Houlberg. The little dog, in his dress suit, sat at the end of a long row of relatives, all properly dressed in black.

Just as we came up to the door, Mrs. Houlberg saw the dog. She picked up Confetti and threw him at Gorylescu.

"You have a sense of humor all your own," she said with a dry throat, and then she screamed, "Get out! Get out!" the way bad actresses scream in rotten plays. —Ludwig Bemelmans

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THE AGE OF TELEVISION

IN 1945, as many of my older readers will remember, television passed from the experimental stage to the status of an important industry. The change was swift and imperceptible, like the vogue of old-fashioned radio that had swept the United States some twenty years before. One day television was merely an expensive and impractical toy; then, practically overnight, it became a necessity for every household, with intricate systems of financing and installment payments putting a receiving set within the range of everybody's purse, and the number of installations promising soon to outnumber the bathtubs and automobiles used by the people of America. The moment that commercial sponsorship entered the picture, the future of television was, of course, assured. The nation's manufacturers, convinced by farsighted advertising agents that television offered the best means of putting their product before the public, willingly made the necessary increases in their advertising appropriations—but only on condition that they could be guaranteed a nationwide audience. This involved certain serious technical problems, but the television engineers met them satisfactorily.

Television waves, as we all know, travel only in a straight line, and, unlike common radio waves, will not carry further than the horizon. In early experiments, it was discovered that programs broadcast from the top of the old Empire State Building could be received within a radius of only twenty-five miles. The practical result of this perverse law of physics was that lofty structural-steel towers, as high as the Empire State Building, had to be erected throughout the length and breadth of the United States, no more than fifty miles apart in any direction. Only with this setup was it possible to guarantee the prospective purchaser of a television receiver the chance to see the telecasts. The programs continued to emanate mainly from New York and Hollywood, and were relayed to the towers via underground coaxial cables, which were laid at the relatively small cost of $5,000 a mile. The towers themselves constituted the greatest item of expense, their average cost being $1,274,050, a figure that was considerably raised by the special engineering problems encountered in the Rocky Mountains and the Bad Lands. Each broadcasting system constructed its own towers; in all, 47,708 were erected.

"My, doesn't that steak sound good!"

Naturally, the cost of building the towers increased the cost of broadcasting "time." In 1940, a company sponsoring an old-fashioned non-visual program over a coast-to-coast network was charged about $5,000; in 1958, the cost for an hour's time was $190,555, including the agency commission. The economic readjustments resulting from this situation have been dealt with at length by other historians. It will be sufficient for our purposes to remind the reader that the cost of all the commodities advertised by television rose sharply; in 1954, a package of cigarettes cost $5, and in the newspaper files of that year we find Macy's advertising a sale of shoes for $164.95—"only one pair to a customer." Incomes lagged behind prices for a while (witness the Bread Riots of 1947), but they, too, soon rose; according to the 1950 census figures, the average earned income in the nation was $1,854.72 a week.

Unemployment became a thing of the past. Each of the television relay towers required a resident staff of about a hundred people—announcers, receptionists, page boys, elevator operators, stationary engineers, and technicians. Small communities grew up around towers erected in desert or mountainous regions, each with its cocktail lounges, restaurants, apartment buildings, shops, garages, Turkish baths, and Yale Club. The production centres from which the programs emanated grew enormously. In the old days of pre-television radio, an actor could take on any number of radio jobs, because he had to rehearse only once, and could read his part during the performance. Now it became necessary to prepare television programs as carefully as stage productions had been prepared in the primitive days of "the theatre," when people gathered nightly to watch actors present plays or musical entertainments "in person." A television actor, it was soon discovered, could appear only about once every three

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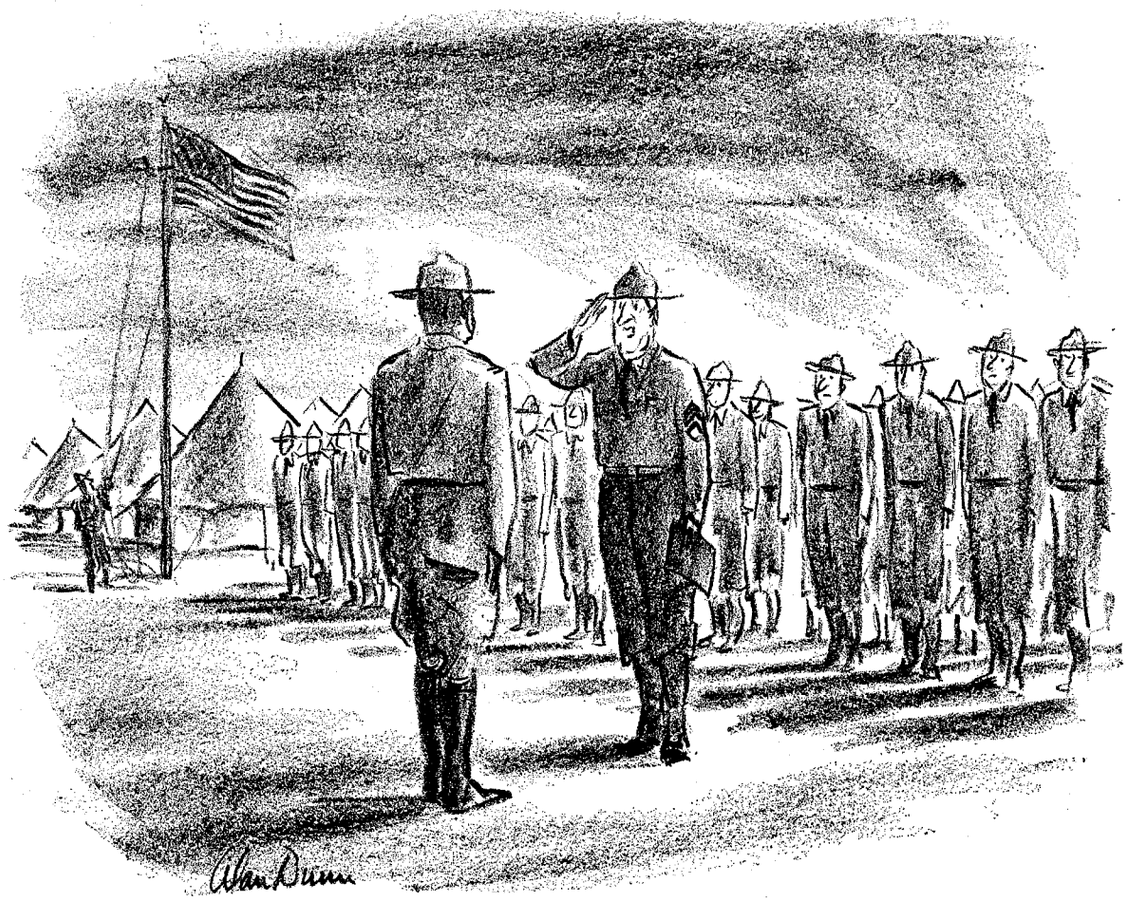
weeks; the rest of his time was taken up with casting and screen tests (actors now had to be chosen for looks as well as for voice, of course), studying parts, rehearsing, fitting costumes, etc. By 1958, the membership of Actors' Equity reached 34,789,008, with an additional 334,917 under temporary suspension for non-payment of dues or other infringements of rules. Each performance had to be presented with a full complement of union carpenters, electricians, stagehands, and press agents; in 1958, the total membership in these unions was about 39,750,000. The ranks of the scene designers, costumers, wardrobe women, and musicians grew in proportion.

The federal government coöperated with the television networks by releasing all children able to pass a simple literacy test from further compulsory education, provided that they could show that they could get employment as television scriptwriters. Also, any child over sixteen could leave school to become a television actor. Another problem, worse for a time than the old one of unemployment, now arose: the factories, railroads, shops—all the essential industries, in fact—were unable to hire anywhere near enough labor. In 1949, however, the Ford Motor Company successfully applied to the State Department for permission to import coolie laborers. Two years later, there were 28,000,000 coolies working in the United States, with more coming in on every ship. The coolies worked under ideal conditions, and received high enough wages to be able to afford Japanese houseboys.

The European war ceased to be a menace from the moment that the firm of Hudgins, Clarke, Dobie & Lissner, the engineers who had contracted to erect and maintain all the television towers in the Southwest, outbid a European munitions firm for the scrap steel from the old Ninth Avenue Elevated in New York City. Three years after this epoch-making event, the first shipment of scrapped guns arrived from Europe, to be turned into structural steel and television equipment.



"Two on sick call, sir, and five slugabeds."

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UNTIL 1960, the United States flourished as no nation had flourished before. The population, both American and coolie, were all lucratively employed, and spent their spare time peering at television screens, watching male television actors say to female television actors, "Won't you . . . sit down?" The only unpleasant incident directly resulting from the rise of television was the Charlie McCarthy Riots of 1949, when the backward people of the Kentucky mountains became emotionally upset by the discovery that one of their television idols was a wooden dummy; prompt action by the state militia prevented any serious results, however.

The now-famous occurrence of May 16, 1960, precipitated the downfall of the Television Age. It will be remembered that an actor named Orson Wills, or Orton Welles, somehow misread his script, or got carried away by the tenseness of an emotional scene he was playing over a coast-to-coast hookup, and instead of saying (as the author had, of course, written), "Gosh darn it, you're lying!" cried, "God damn it, you're lying!" The next day the Watch and Ward Society of Boston, the D.A.R., and the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick all lodged protests with the Federal Communications Commission, which, after a fair trial, acceded to their request to have television discontinued, as detrimental to the morals of the nation. A hundred and ten million people were immediately thrown out of employment, and all their worldly possessions were taken over by mortgage-&-loan companies. The towers rusted, and the screens of the receiving sets were blank. The starving Americans were easy prey at the first uprising of the coolies, who had been counting on something like that all along.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

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When it comes time for you to choose a wife, you will want a helpmate, not a milestone.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A milestone you'll get, whether you like it or not.

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THE WORKS

HE met her at a party. He had come late, and in the kitchen there was an enormous and very drunken politician, boasting how his man had been elected senator and how he had the electoral votes of his state sewed up in his pocket. A tiny woman was perched on the kitchen stool yelling, "You can't use that kind of language in front of me!" Many people were leaving. He saw this girl standing alone in the passageway between the kitchen and the living room, her eyes shining brightly, expectantly, as if she had had one or two drinks and, not being used to drinking, thought something was about to happen. Their eyes met, and he felt stirred and a little sorry for her. He said to her, "Let's get out of here."

They drove across to Virginia, holding hands, and went to the Dance Barbecue; they watched sailors and girls; they stared down at the beer rings on the table while a girl near them accused another of having stolen five dollars. They discovered that both worked for the government, she as the secretary of an important administrator, he as a statistician. They left the Barbecue still holding hands. He drove very fast along the Potomac, through Alexandria, shimmering with white walls, past the woods lining the Mount Vernon Highway. As they were coming back, the sky turned to pink, the sun rose beyond the Monument; Washington shone with rooftops, was bright green with trees. She had a lovely profile. She withdrew her hand from his, looked at him with smiling, all-encompassing eyes, and shook her head. No, she didn't want any breakfast.

That afternoon, before leaving his office, he called her up. They had dinner together that night and afterward went to a movie. He found himself wondering how old she was and what he really thought of her. He still wondered the following evening, when he had dinner at her house. The girls she lived with were away for the night. There were silver candlesticks on the dining-room table, there was a uniformed maid, there was roast beef. She looked beautiful and young in the candlelight. She talked about her childhood: she had had a miserable, poverty-stricken time, with a mother determined her daughter would not have to suffer all her life, too. "My mother lived only to see me pass the Civil Service examination," she said. She spoke very little about the years since she had come to Washington; instead, she seemed to be under some compulsion to talk of the earlier years, of the father who had abandoned them, of her mother's illness, of the bedrooms with light housekeeping in Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles. She gave him coffee and brandy, and told him of a winter when she and her mother had subsisted almost solely on oranges. She had passed the examination, but while she was waiting for the appointment her mother had died, and her mother's share of the fare to Washington had been used instead for funeral expenses.

She asked him if he wanted her to play Gilbert and Sullivan, but he said no, not tonight. They sat for a long while holding hands, he thinking about his own uneventful childhood and she watching him.

Jerry, his chief in the research division, invited him to a picnic that Sunday, and he asked her did she want to come? She worried whether Jerry's wife would like her. She carried a large cardboard box from one of Washington's best caterers; she wore a ribbon around her hair, short socks, sneakers, and looked like a little girl. Jerry's wife liked her very much, insisted on sitting beside her, and the two began an intimate conversation that lasted until they got to Chesapeake Bay. Jerry's children stared at her. When he and Jerry went off to gather firewood, Jerry said, "That's a fine girl. I like her very much."

They had steaks roasted on charcoal, and *pâté-de-foie-gras* sandwiches from the caterer's box. The children ate up all the fancy cookies. Afterward he and she wandered off under a tree, and he fell asleep with his head on her lap. When he woke up it was getting dark, and when he looked up at her, her eyes were shining with tears.

THE next morning, Jerry's wife called him. She said, "I like that girl. She's fine and serious." She invited the two of them to dinner. He said he was sorry, he had to go to New York. "Oh," she said, "Jerry hadn't told me." He said it wasn't on an office matter; Jerry didn't know.

Jerry said, "All right. If you want to go." The time off would be deducted from his annual leave. He went to New York, to the research foundation, his old office. Everybody was excited about the research fellowships to South America. When he asked the director if there was any chance of his being considered, he was told with a grin to keep on living off the government, out of the public trough.

He had dinner with his parents and told his mother he was going back to Washington that night. He went instead to a hotel; the next morning he took the subway to the Battery and slowly walked up Broadway. About noon he stopped in at a movie house and saw part of a feature. Twice he stopped to eat. In the evening he reached Van Cortlandt Park. He went to a drugstore and he called her up. She said, "Are you really calling from New York?" He said, "Yes. May I come to see you?" She said, "Please come."

It was too late to fly back. He arrived by train at an early morning hour, rushed the taxi through dark Washington streets. Her front door was open; by the time he reached it she appeared in the doorway, holding out her hand. When he took her in his arms she went limp all over.

She said, "We'll share everything, our thoughts and our hours. We'll become as one. We'll be so intertwined nobody will ever be able to tell us apart."

AFTER that they seemed to be always together. He would call for her every evening and after dinner they would go for a drive, or they would return to her house and sit for hours listening to the radio. Weekends they went on picnics, they swam in hotel pools, they went cruising in Chesapeake Bay, they danced on the terrace at the edge of Rock Creek Park. She would telephone him every day at four, she had developed the habit of calling him just before he started checking the official figures for the day. She would say, "It's me." He would picture her, dark hair and very dark eyes, the receiver pressed tightly to her ear, her mouth half-open with eagerness. He would say, "Is it *really* you?" She would answer, "Yes," and hang up. His assistant would notice his smile and smile back, and he would mentally shake his head to clear it and stare down hard at the checking list.

She took him to Maryland to her administrator's house. The servants

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OVERLOOKED OPPORTUNITIES FOR A GAYER FAIR

Jungleland

• •

greeted her affectionately, and when the administrator came down, he quickly walked up to her, took both her hands in his, and said, underlining each word, "*How are you?*" as if he hadn't seen her only two hours before. The three of them had dinner on the veranda, did not light the lights, but sat until very late. She remained silent, peering intently in the darkness from one man to the other while they talked.

She was a close friend of several women in diplomatic circles, and he began to receive invitations to embassy garden parties. He wore striped pants to these affairs and she wore lace and a floppy hat. There was music and there was champagne, and sometimes an important official would smilingly ask her, "Can you spare him for a moment?" and would take him aside to say, "I am very much interested in the work your office is doing. I hear you are the bright young man over there."

He saw none of his old friends except Jerry and his wife. But Jerry told him one day that at the end of this job he'd probably be sent on a job to South America, that there was strong pressure being exerted to have him sent there. Apparently some of his new acquaintances were taking an active interest in his welfare. He began to think of getting married and settling in the government service, and whenever she and he would pass a real-estate development

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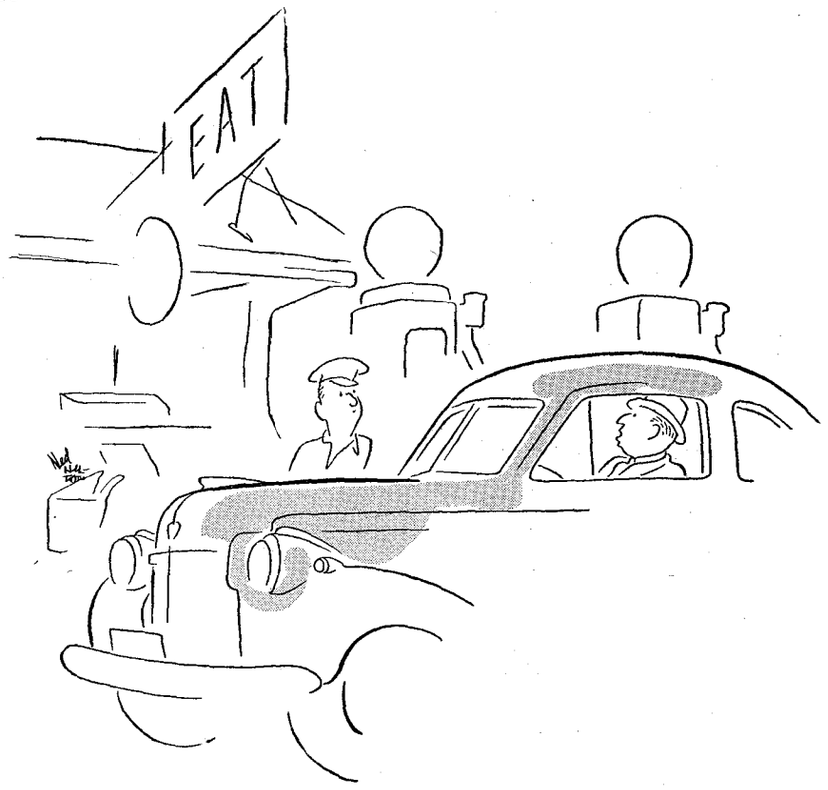

"Ten gallons of High Octane Strato-Flight Flo-Go Supergas and a hamburger well done."

• •

they would stop and inspect the exhibition house.

One day he told her excitedly, "You know, down at the office we've at last collected enough data to tell what is happening. I think I'll start doing my report." She said, "That's wonderful. We'll only see each other twice a week." The next day she sent him an elaborate desk set by messenger. That night he said, "When you're not with me, just forget about me. Go out and have a good time." She said, "Do you think I could?"

He sat at home in a maze of figures, trying not to think of her. The telephone rang. She said, "I'm sorry. I feel your work isn't going very well. Can I help somehow?" He said, "I'm not working. I'm just wasting my time. Let's go driving instead."

They went for a drive through Virginia, headlights scanning the receding road, tall, ghostly trees flying back on both sides. She told him again about her unhappy childhood; in a voice that seemed not meant for him alone but that filled the entire car, she described her early life on the West Coast, her mother ill—trying to manage a Seattle rooming house, trying to hide her cough, while the man from the real-estate office had said, "If you can't collect the rent, we'll get somebody who can." She had then been a little girl of ten, but her mother had been too weak to climb stairs, and she had climbed them, knocked on doors, and demanded the room rent.

BEFORE he said good night to her, he told her, "You know I would much rather spend the time with you, but I'm trying now to write a report. No one can help me. I'll have to fight it out alone. Please try not to call when we have no date." She looked like a little girl who was being punished and said in a whisper, "I promise. I won't."

The following night she called him, in what seemed almost an official voice, and told him that an invited guest had sent last-minute regrets to a diplomatic dinner and the hostess insisted that he fill in. She said, "I know how you feel, but you can't refuse." He said, "Of course I can't refuse."

She watched him from across the table through the dinner, even seemed to follow the movement of food to his mouth. Going home in the car, she kept silent, but just before they reached her home she said, "If you want, I won't see you for a week."

He took her in his arms and kissed her, and she burst into tears. He parked the car and consoled her for a long time, but she continued to weep and continued to insist she would not see him for a week.

The following evening all the figures fitted so well together that he became deeply absorbed. When he finally rose from his table it was too late to call her. He determined to send her flowers, but in the morning he forgot. Instead he called his office to say he was not coming in, and he worked at home through the day and all night. When he had finished, he was too excited to sleep. He took a shower and went to the office. He had decided to surprise her by unexpectedly taking her out to dinner.

When he went home to dress, there was a telegram from her: "I NEVER WANT TO SEE OR HEAR FROM YOU AGAIN." He tried to call her but was told she was too ill to come to the phone. When he arrived at her house she sent word she did not want to see him. He forced his way into her room and found her in bed, looking pale and old, with rings under her eyes. He begged her to forgive him, talked to her for a long time until she relaxed and closed her eyes to sleep.

The following evening she wore a white evening gown and red roses. Everyone in the restaurant stared at her, and when he told her she was beautiful, she said, "I'm beautiful for you. I love you." They danced until the orchestra stopped playing. She sat huddled against him in the car going back and she seemed not to breathe until they reached her house.

For several nights he tried to get ahead with his report. There were almost always phone calls and letters from her, and when there weren't, he could not concentrate for thinking of her. She had become very friendly with Jerry's wife and frequently visited at Jerry's. Finally he telephoned Jerry's wife one day and said, "Please talk to her. I love her, but she gives me too much of herself. There is too much emotion. She must learn to let me alone sometime."

Jerry's wife said, "I think you ought to marry her."

He said, "I feel as if she were forcing me to at the point of a gun."

"What will probably happen," Jerry's wife said, "is that someday you will find her dead on your doorstep, a gun in her hand."

One evening a messenger brought him a thick envelope from her containing about forty pages in beautiful handwriting. The letter began, "Dearest, I can't sleep." It contained an analysis of herself, of him, and of their relationship. "We're on a turbulent stream, my darling, being pulled by a current and sucked by an undertow. We're amidst shoals and rocks, and I

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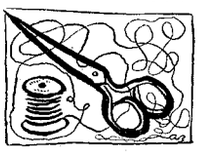
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

SOUTHAMPTON, JULY 21



THIS year marks the three-hundredth anniversary of the settling of Southampton. The small Long Island fishing village of 1640 has come a long way. It has been through all the vicissitudes of growing into a summering place, into a fashionable and conservative resort, and finally into the present-day smart yet casual retreat which, though it sets a lively pace, doesn't take itself as seriously as it did in the earlier days of this era. It still has its *grandes dames* who wouldn't think of going out in the daytime without hats, and otherwise adhere to conventional dress, but the active life the young marrieds and débutantes lead is reflected in the clothes they wear. Except, as it happens, for beach attire. Up to this summer, the women of Southampton travelled that steady round which included the south of France and our own Southern winter resorts, both locales in which the bathing suit had diminished almost to the absolute minimum and beach lounging dress had become *dégagé* to the point of sloppiness. But on their home grounds, along the beaches of this pleasant town, they revert to conservatism. I don't mean the long-sleeved, long-stockinged rig. Bathing suits here are mostly of the dressmaker type with modest skirts; there are almost no one-piece woollens or satin elastics, and never a bare middle, except for an occasional girl in her very young teens. And when they have finished sunbathing and swimming and dress for lunch at the Beach Club, for the most part they do just that—they dress in dresses. Beach pajamas and slacks and backless sundresses are rare. You *can* find parasols—lovely, big, frilled pastel numbers or gay little tailored ones, all serving the same purpose: to keep pale white the constantly increasing number of faces whose owners don't want to tan any more.

The rest of the day young and slightly older Southampton women look a trifle more modern than they do on the beach. They have forsworn the "dressy" luncheon, and they go hatless unless a sudden desire for glamour suggests a wide brim or a windy day makes a skullcap advisable. Shirtmaker or equally simple dresses, but very smart, are the rule in every kind of silk, rayon, sharkskin, linen, and piqué or other cottons—white, in plain colors, striped, or figured. These are for lunch at one of the clubs or in a friend's house. The apron dress seems to be a favorite with the tall girls. Pinafores, after an inauspicious début last winter in a Florida that could do nothing but shiver through an unbelievably frigid season, are flourishing here, and I am delighted. There is nothing more becoming for mornings around the house or in the garden. The mother-and-daughter twin cotton dresses the New York shops have been patiently proclaiming for the past two years, without achieving any staggering success, are also popular here.

Every closet is stocked with warm clothes, too, for those gray, windy days you get on the eastern tip of the Island. This year the heavier things are exceptionally attractive. Featherweight tweeds and flannels in soft pastels and shadow plaids sit next to—surprise! —red coats. You see a lot of long or short, fitted or loose red coats, the newest of them in a linen that is not too heavy but has enough body to make you conscious of its splendid fit. Hand-knits in fancy stitches have almost displaced the regulation pull-over and cardigan. The hand-knitted chenille lumberjacket that made its bow last winter in Palm Beach has found its way to Southampton; a purple one looks really regal. Since they don't insist on white on the tennis courts here, you may see anything, from pink gingham dresses and gray flannel slacks to white or colored shorts and long-sleeved, knee-length white tennis dresses—very covered-up and extremely good-looking.

Southampton's anniversaries come and go, but nothing very conspicuous happens to the evening-dress tradition. Women persist in dressing every night. Even during the week—when most of the men are in town—they dress, and grandly, for the bridge tournaments or the plays at the new summer theatre. And when their husbands come back for the weekend and the place reeks with house guests, they dress again. With these clothes go the big jewelry that has been more and more noticeable the last couple of years. You know, those tremendous semi-precious square or oblong stones in rings, and so on. I haven't seen as many cotton evening dresses as I had expected. Of course,

"Is this the 'contemporary and unexpected' chintz that you advertise?"

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of the hot and cold faucets, I let him change the faucet handles so that the hot-water faucet would read "cold," and vice versa. In that way, he explained, they would still be wrong and, since I'd learned them wrong, I'd still be right.

IT was at this point that I began going out to supper without washing up, but I hadn't yet developed dizzy spells and claustrophobia at the thought of taking a bath. Then one night Mr. Nacio came up and told me that the following morning at ten all the water would be turned off for an hour. At nine twenty-nine I started to fill the tub. At nine-thirty a news broadcast that I wanted to hear came on and the water rushing into the tub so disturbed me that I couldn't hear the radio. I connected the rubber shower hose to the tap (so that the water running into the tub wouldn't make any noise) and went back to the radio. Five minutes later a horrible snoring came from the bathroom. I went in in time to see the shower hose finish sucking the tub dry. The water receding down the pipes had made a syphon.

There followed days when the water ran black, pink, bluish gray, and sandy, when small plant life floated in the bath, when both water taps ran hot, or both cold, or not at all. I was alternately scalded, frozen, and dyed. During this period I developed a dogged attitude, refusing to let the situation get me. Then a new phase set in. Mr. Nacio would say, "They gonna trun off de warra tamarra eighth o'clock," and it would stay on. The following day, without warning, it would go off while my face and hands were covered with soap. A few days later, when I was at the breaking point, I got a note from Mr. Nacio that filled me with hope and cheer:

Good news waters to be ok,
MR. JOHN NACIO

I remember wishing he'd added "from now on," but I felt much better.

My fixation that the city's water problem was tied up with mine matured a week later when a new section of water main was installed under the sidewalk. They must have used a heavy black grease on the joints, for at some point while I was washing or shaving (usually just before finishing) a small clot of the stuff would come out of the tap. Opening your eyes when you come up from rinsing and seeing yourself made up like a mammy singer has a bad effect on the mind.

One day, when I hadn't bathed, shaved, or showered for a week, I read in the *Times* that the danger of a shortage was over. The same day Mr. Nacio left his last water-situation note under the morning milk bottle:

Thats now all fix.
JOHN

Since then my water life has been returning to normal. Now I can sit in the bathtub without feeling a mad desire for flight and pass fire hydrants without shying wildly. But I still have to call the Board of Water Supply for my weekly routine reassurance.

—A. C. SPECTORSKY

• •

ON EVERY FRONT

Sickened by sounds of war and pillage,
  Wearied by rumors on the air
Of stricken town and wasted village
  And death and battle everywhere,
I fled the house that horror grew in,
I fled the wireless shouting ruin,
To walk alone, a hopeful comer,
In my green garden, ripe with summer.

I leaned my head above the rose
And while I watched, her natural foes—
Beetle and slug—in barbarous fettle,
Crept to consume her, leaf and petal.
I saw the ants amid the grass
In foraging battalions pass,
Driving toward their disputed goal
For loot and *Lebensraum*. The mole,
Devious, secret, like a virus,
Bored from within upon the iris.

In captured trees had flung their tents
The caterpillar regiments.
Snails went in armor, scared and chilly,
While forward moved upon the lily
The cutthroat worm; but not for long.
Checking his desultory song,
A robin pulled the raider back
With one swift aerial attack,
But to be routed in disorder
By Tabby, pouncing from a border.

In bloody dust those armies weltered.
  Horde marched upon belligerent horde.
It was not peace my garden sheltered
  But the insatiable sword.
And watching there, I sighed. But soon,
On that same summer afternoon,
I took up arms and, stoutly met,
Slew twenty slugs with no regret.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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COMPLIMENTS

● **Men lavish praise upon the hostess who serves delicious dishes made with Three Diamonds Crabmeat! There's a smack and tang to these juicy, tender morsels that makes strong men beg for more. Perk up jaded appetites with salads, cocktails or entrées made of praise-winning Three Diamonds Crabmeat.**

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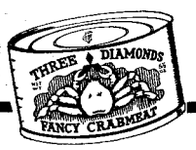
Caught At Sea



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Far from the city din—yet slightly more than 2 hours drive from New York! You'll meet friendly, **interesting** people. LIVE in the full sense of the word. 2600 acres of picturesque woodlands—all **yours.** Private lake, golf, riding, tennis, handball—every sport activity. Concerts, entertainment, 8-pc. orchestra, dancing—full social program nightly. Rates, from **$30 weekly, $6 daily.** You'll have a swell time—Come! Send for FREE Booklet.

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The man who DIDN'T . . . . . come to Dinner!

*Albert is really a grand fellow—nice looking—well dressed—interesting personality. In fact Albert has *almost* everything. If Albert went one step farther Albert would have "everything".

SEAFORTH is a new kind of powder deodorant—a tremendous improvement over old fashioned deodorants. It contains *no* aluminum chloride to injure fabrics—*no* grease to stain clothing. It is instantly effective and highly efficient for even the most active man.

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So little difference in price. So vast a difference in tobacco! A profitable investment for those who can afford 20¢ for the best.

IVORY TIPS protect the lips. Also plain ends.

A PRODUCT OF PHILIP MORRIS

WATER SHORTAGE

FRIDAY, I telephoned the Board of Water Supply to find out what condition the city's reservoirs were in. This was one of the regular weekly checkups I've been making—a routine I got into several months ago.

"Oh, it's you again," they said. "Well, the water situation is still fine, Mister. We'll have plenty for the rest of the summer even if it doesn't rain until September."

The water situation has been on my mind since last spring's shortage. Most people were aware of the shortage only through articles in the papers, but I had my own private water troubles, and the resulting worry fixed in my mind an idea that my problem and the city's were in some way connected. I haven't got over it yet.

The trouble started one night when the superintendent of the remodelled house in which I have a bachelor apartment knocked at my door and in a disarmingly innocent voice said, "They gonna trun off de warra nine o'clock tamarra morning. They putten in new pipes."

The next morning at eight-thirty I started preparing for the shortage. I filled the bathtub, my biggest pots, the bathroom basin, and the kitchen sink. At ten the water was still running. By ten-fifteen, the water in the bathtub having got too cold for bathing, I decided to run in some hot. I turned the faucet and a sluggish-dribble of black dye ran into the tub. I put off bathing until the next day.

A few days later the superintendent left a note in my mailbox:

All bath room waters off tonight.
Truly yours,
MR. NACIO

That wasn't strictly accurate. For the next week the water ran as usual, except in the washbasin, where it didn't run at all. I had to shave under the shower, stooping over the tub, or in the kitchen.

A second note from Mr. Nacio was slipped under my door about a week later:

Starts monday hot is cold.
Yrs.
JOHN

He was right. And it's hard to remember under a shower, with your eyes closed, that when you want more cold you have to reach for the tap you instinctively feel is the hot. I was just beginning to get adjusted when we switched back to normal again. An inventive friend then suggested that instead of trying to relearn the locations

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possessions for food supplies, and anyone who has something to eat shares it as far as he can.

LONG before the war the details of the German conquest had been planned, but the Russians were not so well organized. During the first weeks of their occupation they were busy crushing the Ukrainian movement and arresting the Polish aristocrats in their castles. Now, however, they have gathered momentum. The Polish peasant, like the landowner for whom he worked, is vanishing in the forced migrations. Since France has fallen, both the Germans and the Russians have speeded up the obliteration of Poland, evidently assuming that they no longer have anything to fear from Poland's allies. Meanwhile, the Polish people, searching in ashcans for enough food to keep themselves alive, still believe that, by some final triumph of justice, they will be free again. —VIRGILIA SAPIEHA

•

When the project is consummated in 1948, not only saltwater fish, but many parties of tourists and regular Manchurian residents may utilize the stately motorway for fast travel.—*Manchuria Daily News.*

No flounders, we trust, to detract from the stateliness.

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "Benjamin N. Cardozo," by George S. Hellman*]

All these teachings went to mold the character of young Benjamin Cardozo. But after, at the age of thirteen, he had been confirmed by Dr. H. Pereira Mendes in the faith of his fathers, the outreachings of his mind led him away from conviction in the absolute value of such commandments as "marry not with those not of thy faith" and "defile not thy soul by the eating of forbidden food." True, in his own home of later years filial or fraternal sentiment led him to abstain from serving food forbidden by the ancient precepts. In the homes of others he ate what the host provided. Ritualism in itself was alien to his philosophy. —*Page 13.*

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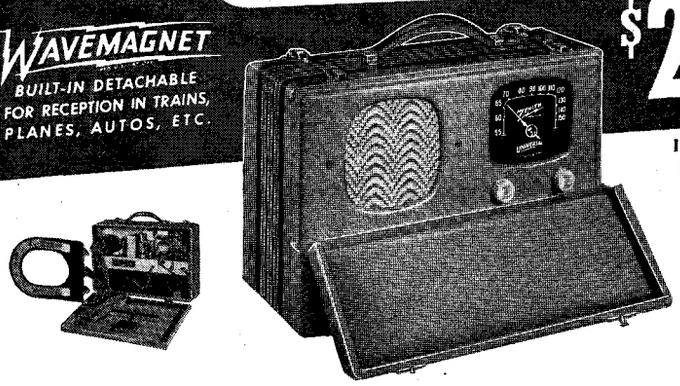

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The *ONLY* PORTABLE RADIO Guaranteed to Play Where Other Portables *Fail* . . . or Your Money Back

Engineers of the Zenith Radio Corporation *again* give you a most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Detachable Wavemagnet in a portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Under all ordinary circumstances it works without outside aerial . . . without outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL . . . PLAY . . . OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception.* The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Detachable Wavemagnet, which is exclusive with Zenith.

Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

And that's not all! At home, in the office, in hotels, if you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC. That will automatically disconnect your battery and save it for outdoors or travel.

Has storage space for earphones (extra equipment) for use at ball games, fights or enroute where you want privacy in reception *without* loudspeaker. Headphones are excellent, too, for the hard of hearing.

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. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has,* and *does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet *detachable*—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

De Luxe Edition in genuine cowhide . . . priced slightly higher than regular airplane cloth cover.

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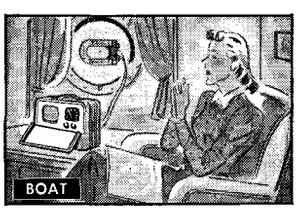

AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD
ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO

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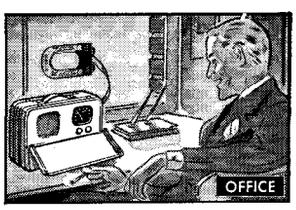

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It's Ruddy! Rich! Uniform!

with that right-off-the-vine flavor!

ONCE in a blue moon maybe you can wander into a garden, pick a perfect scarlet tomato right off the vine and revel in its luscious, sun-warmed juice. But any day—everyday—summer and winter—the same thrill is yours in Heinz Tomato Juice. Beverage without peer, rich, ruddy and full-bodied—triumph of more than 50 years of Heinz tomato growing experience! Dawn finds Heinz prize tomatoes in the fields. Dusk of the same day finds their vine-fresh juice in tins. Insist on Heinz Tomato Juice and enjoy the best—your taste will tell you it's different—worth asking for!

57

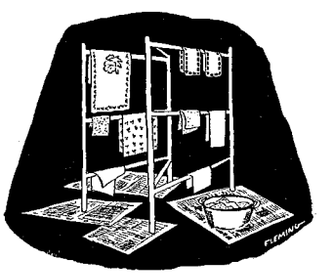
Heinz
Tomato Juice

WHEN YOU ATTEND the New York World's Fair, H. J. Heinz Co. invites you to visit the Heinz Dome with its beautiful display walls and sampling booths.

neutral countries, there is no mail service to Russian Poland. Practically no word of personal experience reaches the outside world. The destruction of eastern Poland is going on darkly, in mystery.

On the Russian side of the San River, which separates the Germans from their Soviet ally, the territory is being completely militarized. The Russians are believed to be fortifying their share of Poland against possible German aggression. The people of entire districts have been herded into freight trains and shipped to Siberia to make way for the Russian Army. The large estates of the gentry and the little fields of the peasants are alike untilled. There will be no crops in Russian Poland this year. Already no bread can be obtained. The few people who still have money can buy a box of sardines or a bottle of wine for about eight dollars. Long ago the livestock was seized. No fodder is being raised. Along the main roads between the deserted fields, tanks and guns and cars stand uselessly, left there because the Russians have no spare parts with which to repair them.

By day, in the cities, the Communists hold meetings, take votes for local officials, organize parades, and preach at the street corners, urging the passers-by to adopt the new religion of sacrifice for an ideal. Like the Germans, they are regenerating the world. At night, Poles listen to the endless shuffle of marching feet as troops are moved about, but no Polish comrade may open his window to see the soldiers pass. Everyone is awaiting his turn to be deported to Siberia. In Lemberg, in order to avoid the pursuing members of the National Committee for Internal Affairs, which has taken over the work of the G.P.U. in conquered territory, the Poles who can manage it do not sleep in the same place two nights in succession. The shops are empty, long since ransacked by the Russian officers, who had never before seen so much clothing or so many shoes. Radios, phonographs, and cameras have disappeared into Russia. Even if the shops were full, the Poles who have so far kept out of prison or have not been deported would not be buying. Most of them have nothing with which to pay. Among themselves they barter their last



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labor for the Reich, the Jews must do two years.

THE Nazis have made an unsuccessful effort to crush the religious life of Poland. Only one Mass is allowed on Sundays, except in Warsaw, where there are two. On weekdays the churches may stay open for only three hours, before seven o'clock in the morning. But more people go to church than ever before. Recently in Poznań, when the Germans ordered prayers for Hitler to be said in the churches, no priest complied. Poles cannot marry without the consent of the German marriage bureau. Baptism is forbidden for Poles in the part of Poland incorporated into the Reich and extreme unction cannot be given to the dying except in secret.

Owing to death and emigration, there are now 4,000,000 fewer Poles than when the Germans moved in. Hitler claims that, with 18,000,000 remaining, there are still 15,000,000 too many. Poles who want to leave must haunt the offices of the Gestapo and submit to much investigation, but permission is usually not withheld. Once they leave German Poland, they can never return. They can take with them only as much property as will fit into a small suitcase, but no jewelry. Even wedding rings and the gold rims of spectacles are confiscated. Many of the Poles who could migrate stay on until the last minute, living on possessions, but when they have nothing left to barter, they too go. For those who cannot go there is little choice but to submit to the slow Germanization.

The Nazis have placed the two Army divisions which they keep in Poland along the new Russian frontier. In this area the Poles have more chance of just treatment, since the Army, and not the Gestapo, rules here. One landowner who beat some German soldiers for having insulted him and then reported himself to military headquarters was released after three days in prison. The German Army does not hide its contempt for the Gestapo even from the Poles. "We control the Party now," an officer told some Polish people. "They can't do anything without us. And when we get rid of them, things will be different."

THE part of Poland which now belongs to the Russians is even more thoroughly walled off from the rest of Europe by silence. Whereas letters can pass back and forth between people in German territory and their friends in

CABLE-STITCH SWEATERS from England knitted in white wool with either red or blue bands, as illustrated, $11. In plain white, $10.

ESTABLISHED 1818.

BROOKS ENGLISH BUCKSKIN SHOES with red rubber soles, as illustrated, $13. Buckskin Shoes in other styles at Brooks Brothers range from $11 (domestic) up to $18 (imported).

THE JERSEY SHIRT illustrated, knitted in soft-finished cotton—with attached collar buttoning up to the neck, breast pocket and quarter sleeves—in white only—is $1.50. Other tennis shirts, $1.75 to $8.00.

WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS (top) $15. Others, $15 to $21. Striped Silk Cricket Belts with snake buckle, $2.75. POPLIN TROUSERS (bottom) in oyster white, Zelan processed—pleated front, buckling at side—in light or medium weight, are $11.

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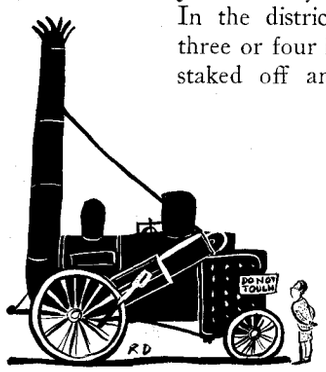
mas. Medicines are extremely scarce. A diabetic old lady, who had plenty of money and jewelry, died for lack of insulin. It is hard to keep clean, since soap costs two dollars a cake. Mending has become a luxury, because a spool of thread cannot be bought for less than a dollar. Leather is so rare that shoes cost over sixty dollars a pair, and people are beginning to wear wooden shoes.

Poles who still have bank accounts can draw out the equivalent of ten dollars a week, but only a relatively few a day reach the cashier's window. They are the ones who get up at five in order to head the long line which forms outside the bank. An hour or two after the bank opens, an official slams the outer door, and no more business is done that day. Strangely, in the midst of the general penury, a few sharp-eyed Poles make money. One speculator bought a truckload of flour in Lodz for $500, drove it to the outskirts of Warsaw, and sold it within a few minutes for $2,500 in cash. Another man has established a successful diamond business; he buys from Poles and sells to Germans. Because he soon found himself oversupplied, he now buys only blue stones weighing no less than two and a half carats and no more than five. Most of the business between Poles is carried on by means of advertisements on the back pages of the two German newspapers published in Poland. In these anyone can read what family heirlooms will be bartered for a sack of meal or potatoes.

The Nazis have not only looted Poland of its paintings, tapestries, church ornaments, old manuscripts, and new laboratory equipment but they have drained the country of its most vital resource—labor. Men have been seized in their homes, pulled out of food queues, or rounded up by cordoning a few city blocks at a time, then packed into lorries and sent into Germany to do forced labor. Any laboring man under forty-five who has not been shipped off must work for the Germans newly transplanted into Poland. For the most part they are put to work lumbering in the woods or at the sawmills. The Germans are exploiting the great Polish forests to the limit.



THE whole territory occupied by the Germans is controlled by the Gestapo, assisted by the old Polish police force, which has never disbanded and has been a useful prop to the Gestapo, adapting itself to the new regime in order to survive. If the Poles harm a Polish policeman, the Gestapo, always grateful for a chance to use force, metes out the same revenge as if the policeman had belonged to the Gestapo. There is no sanctuary for the Poles. When a doorbell rings, people peer from their windows to see whether they are receiving a call from the Gestapo. If they are, an official is likely to strut into the parlor and say, "Show me your linen" or "I'll take this rug and that picture" or "How much silver have you got here?" Such a visitor seldom leaves empty-handed.

The Poles in the German domain are officially second-class citizens. They must raise their hats to the German authorities. They must enter many public buildings by back doors, since on the front doors there are signs forbidding both Poles and Jews to enter. Before the war, traffic regulations in most Polish towns were not strict, for there were not many automobiles. People walked casually down the middle of the streets and moved to one side only at the imperative sound of a horn. Those who now step off the curb without heeding a traffic signal risk having their toes mashed by an official boot. There is a curfew for second-class citizens at eight o'clock at night. The Gestapo picks up any stragglers.

The Jews, too, are of course second-class citizens. But the plan the Germans were reported to have to dispose of the Jews entirely has not been put through. In the district of Lublin, an area of three or four hundred square miles was staked off and enclosed with barbed wire. There the Jews, banished from their own districts, built crude barracks for themselves and attempted to survive the winter. These barracks are no longer full, for most of the Jews who did not die have drifted back to the city ghettos, which are also fenced off and where not even a German soldier is allowed to go. Mail addressed to a ghetto is returned to the sender. German interest in the Jews, however, has temporarily slackened. A Jew must wear a sign on his sleeve to distinguish him, but as long as he does not try to mingle with Germans he is usually not molested. The only Jews who are permitted to follow their normal careers are the doctors, and they may move about freely. Whereas all Poles will have to do six months of compulsory

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WORD FROM POLAND

AFTER the conquest last September, Poland fell silent. For weeks all communication with the rest of the world was stopped. There were no newspaper dispatches, no news by radio or mail or word of mouth. Gradually, people who escaped into western Europe told their experiences of the first days of enemy occupation. But those were days of mopping up, of inevitable confusion, and it was still impossible to visualize the form the German and Russian occupation would take when things settled down. Now, out of Hungary and Rumania and Lithuania, and across Europe and the Atlantic, there have drifted into New York a few refugees who lived through the winter in Poland. They bring information. Enough fragments can be fitted together to give us something of the pattern of life in a vanquished country.

THE whole of Poland has been divided between Germany and Russia. Although Russia has acquired more land, the part taken by Germany is far more densely populated. There were, at the time of the invasion, 22,000,000 Poles living in the 73,000 square miles now controlled by the Germans. This territory is split into two parts, with a closed frontier between them. One half, which contains all of western Poland facing the German frontier, and some of central Poland, has been formally incorporated into the German state. The other half, a province called the General Government, is ostensibly to be held only for the duration of the war. The population in the first area is almost a hundred-per-cent Polish, but Hitler calls the land historically his. He is blasting out the Poles to make way for his own people. All the factories, shops, hotels, restaurants, Polish government property, and privately owned estates have been appropriated by Germans. Early in the winter they shot a number of the outstanding business and professional men. There is a long list of these victims, including the director of the port of Gdynia, the president of a union of journalists, the manager of a large savings bank, the proprietor of a textile factory, the owner of a bookstore, and several judges. Later the invaders forcibly emptied whole villages to make room for a mass resettlement of Germans from the Baltic States.

The Nazis have also forced many German families in Germany itself to migrate to the conquered cities. By seizing homes from their Polish owners and making the incoming Germans pay for them, the Reich added to its war chest. The wife of a Polish professor in Cracow, to whom the Gestapo had given half an hour's notice to leave her apartment, went back the next morning to pick up her children's clothing. A German family had already moved in. Timidly, she explained to the woman who opened the door what she wanted. "Everything here belongs to me," the German woman told her.

"It belonged to me until yesterday afternoon," explained the professor's wife.

"But we paid for all this in Berlin."

"I did not get any money," the professor's wife said quietly. "I was told to leave the key in the door and go."

They looked at each other for a moment without speaking. The German woman started to cry. "We didn't know," she said. "Come in. Take what you need."

Poles still living in this newly grafted limb of the Reich are forbidden to speak their own language. There are no more Polish schools for their children. The priests are allowed to preach only in German. One priest in Poznań was arrested for having exhorted his small congregation to be brave, so now most priests leave the sermon out of the Mass. Hitler, the Poles feel sure, is not yet satisfied. They are convinced that he wants to shift them all into the General Government.

IN the General Government the Polish people are, according to the Germans, to be left in comparative peace. Those Polish landlords who have not fled may manage their own estates as long as they yield the required percentage of their produce to the Germans. Some of them are permitted to sell their surplus to the Germans at prices high enough to make a profit. If the authorities are not pleased with the running of an estate, however, they install a manager of their own, who then pays the Polish owner a tiny wage.

Aware of the danger of famine, the Germans gave the peasants enough seeds to ensure crops of beets and grains this year. The fields do not lie fallow. Stores in the cities are stocked with food, but Poles are not allowed to buy food until every German has been served, and some stores sell exclusively to Germans. Poles live mostly on vegetables and flour. There are food cards for bread and salt. It is almost impossible to buy sugar. Not long ago someone from the country brought a present of sausages to a family in Cracow. After the feast the whole family fell ill; none of them had eaten meat since Christ-

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much of the fact that the children of the wealthier classes seemed to have been sent away first, an impression given by the publicity these children received when they reached America. Actually, large numbers of poorer children, with less news value but equally vulnerable bodies, have reached safety in the last few weeks. As for the Burma Road agreement, the attitude among ordinary people appeared to be that the less said the better, but the little said was bitterly resentful. Many of them thought that in the announcement of the closing they were listening once more to what President Roosevelt termed the false lullaby of appeasement. Less prettily, it was felt that the dead rat under the boards was smelling up the house again. The average Englishman understands that there is nothing to be done about it, and understands also that the situation is a legacy from the past bad years of complacent leadership. To ensure that there will be no return to such years is for most people the clearest part of the immense program of spring cleaning and refurnishing which will face this old empire when the lights come on again in Europe.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Who will type or publish my book titled "The Nature Institute Order Immutable Law of One Original Pattern Base Measure; The Animate and Inanimate Matter Extent Two Side Extreme Exists and Center Nature Set Equilibrium Life and the Object Standard Base Realm of Complete Degree Model Whole." The book, with three-division extent, consists of 1) The Nature Science, 2) The Social Science and 3) The Social Economy. The book is in the form of handwritten mss., bound, 400 pages, 400,000 words. There was never such a knowledge of life in the material concepted by men as this work consists of.—Aurel Joseph Bathory, 306 W. North Ave., Box 903-K.—*Adv. in the Pittsburgh Bulletin-Index.*

Why not just publish the title?

•

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LETTER FROM LONDON

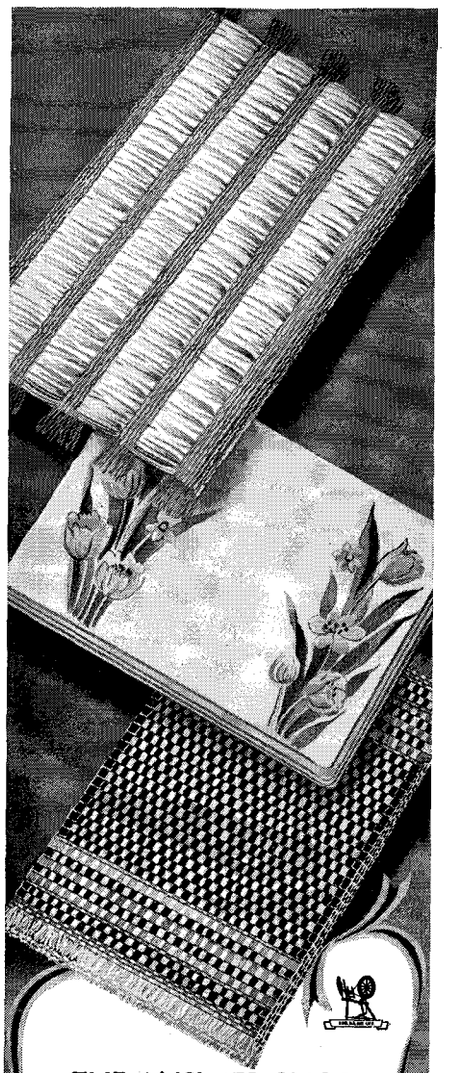
JULY 21 (BY CABLE)

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S speech of acceptance heartened people here enormously and was hailed as "a mighty wind dispersing the noxious fog" of calculated ambiguities and political trimmings which has obscured the drafting of the Party programs. The speech was cheering both for what it said and for what it didn't say—words which, however, the average Briton was gratefully certain he could read between the lines: that so long as Roosevelt was in the White House help would be forthcoming. People felt as relieved as though a public-spirited and kindly neighbor had decided that perhaps he wouldn't move out of the district after all. The President's personal popularity and the trust which millions of English place in him are immense. His plain speaking effectually drowned out the second oration of the day, Hitler's address to the Reichstag, which to most listeners sounded like the old, old story cooked up again—the denunciation of democratic warmongers, the last appeal to Britain to stop an unnecessary war, and the familiar attack on Mr. Churchill. It was observed here that Hitler made no mention of America, and that the possibilities of a long war were emphasized without any further reference to the previously promised dictation of peace terms in London on August 15th. This omission, however, did not alter the general opinion that the Battle of Britain is due to start soon. There are always plenty of people ready to predict the exact date. In spite of the self-elected Silent Column suggested by Mr. Duff Cooper to help check the idle spreading of rumors, the incorrigible unofficial prophets talked knowingly of July 15th as a date to keep your eye on. July 15th passed quietly. It's difficult to check up on the sources of such rumors, which are as fishy as the stories that whenever the German wireless announced such-and-such a town, factory, or airfield would be visited by bombers, the bombers turned up on the dot. No one ever seems to have heard these broadcasts first-hand.

STRANGELY, the idea of stopping the war at this juncture is one to which nobody gives a second thought. If this is, as it looks to be, the usual lull granted to the victim—a period in which German psychologists count upon fear and propaganda to do their disintegrating jobs on public morale—the first round has certainly gone to the British people. Their mood remains steady and cheerful, with a big increase in confidence traceable to the German pilots' evident reluctance to face up to British Hurricanes in the air battles of the past fortnight. The B.B.C. broadcast an eyewitness account of one of these fights off the Straits of Dover the other day and came in for sharp criticism from some listeners, who complained that the commentator's racy treatment of a life-and-death affair as though it were "an account of the Grand National or a Cup final" must surely have been "revolting to all decent citizens." The majority of decent citizens, possibly less squeamish, sat by their radios, hanging onto their seats and cheering. Another reason for increased confidence is the fairly unimpressive showing made by the German raiders in many of their attacks, which have certainly been comparatively unambitious and isolated up to date and seem to show that the pilots are often not so good as they might be. People believe that the R.A.F.'s nightly raids on enemy territory are a lot more effective. The skill and audacity of the R.A.F. youngsters have so captured the public imagination that the fliers are spoken of with almost poetical admiration, as though they were knights on wings.

More practically, the public determination to see that the pilots get the planes they deserve sent housewives trotting off to the aluminum dumps with their most cherished pots and pans in answer to Lord Beaverbrook's appeal last week. Belatedly, this country appears to be asking and getting the self-sacrificing gestures of everyday life which the totalitarian governments have enforced upon their people for years. On Tuesday, when the supplementary budget is made public, Britons expect to be asked to shell out more than their aluminum; they are gloomily but resignedly certain that Sir Kingsley Wood intends to take the shirts off their backs.

THE House of Commons staged two lively debates this week, one on the postponement of the evacuation of children, the other on the closing of the Burma Road. Parents are still hoping that the scheme for the evacuation may be revived, possibly with the help of American boats. Labor members made



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gan to look pale. "You lay down and rest a while," said the mate with the watch. "We'll give you another try."

ONE of the three boys on the bench took off his dark glasses and said he thought he could see well enough now to go home. I decided I would go home, too, and we left together. Walking down the hall, I asked him how he had made out. "I'm in," he said. "They'll call me in a few weeks. I'm going to be a flier, all right." He seemed relieved that the examination was over, and that may have made him talkative. "They have to get my parents' consent, but I've got that all taken care of," he told me. "Dad died two years ago and I've got Mom sold on the idea that I can serve my four years and then go into commercial aviation, maybe on the ground. She put up a fuss at first, but I talked her into it. I told her, I said, 'Mom, it isn't like we had a lot of money and jobs grew on trees. This thing pays over two hundred a month and it's all clear.' I worked my way through N. Y. U. and I figure I'm lucky. Look at the rest of the birds in my class. They'll get jobs working in a shoe store or maybe a clerk in an office or peddle insurance. What the hell kind of a job's that for a college man?"

I made a noncommittal reply, and we got in the elevator and rode downstairs. Out on the sidewalk it was sunny and pleasant. He stopped and said, "Well, I'm going down toward the Battery. I live in Brooklyn. Of course, what Mom was kicking about was she thought we were going to get in a war. She said, 'Charlie, you *know* there's going to be a war and what they want is fliers to fly in that war.' Me, I haven't said a word about any war, either to her or the enlistment officers, but I think there's going to be a war, too. As a matter of fact, I tell you frankly it wouldn't hurt my feelings any to take a healthy crack at some of those damned krautheads. One thing's sure—somebody's *got* to!" —ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

•

WHICH COLUMN ON PAGE 6 OF "PM" D'YA READ?

In off-the-record statements, he [Willkie] has talked tough reaction. He is the darling of the country clubs and the Wall Street front office.—*PM, page 6, col. 2, June 28th.*

Also, he [Willkie] is known to have given a pretty clear statement of his attitude toward Big Business, which may not turn out to be anything like so much pro-Big Business as some of his Wall Street supporters today are celebrating about.
—*PM, page 6, col. 4, same day.*

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body said anything. Commander Rice explained to me that the current class of fifteen was taking its last dual instruction flight before soloing. The boys were scheduled to go up alone in a couple of days. I asked one of them, a tall, blond, athletic-looking youth, if he thought he was going to be nervous about his solo flight. He grinned and replied, "Sure. I'm nervous right now just thinking about it, but what the hell? They tell me everybody is at first." One of the instructors recalled the day when he first soloed. "Scared me stiff," he said. "I didn't know whether I was coming down on my belly or my back." The boys all laughed.

Commander Rice said if I went over to the Federal Office Building, at 90 Church Street in Manhattan, I could probably watch some of the day's crop of cadets taking their physical examinations. "It's a good way to see what the boys are really like," he said. "The Naval Reserve's on the fifteenth floor over there. Just barge on up and ask for Dr. Collins." He promised to let me know if any important news came up from Washington, and as I was leaving, he said, "I may be going on the air with Winchell soon. I'll let you know about that, too."

I FOUND Dr. Collins, a sunburned, energetic Navy man, in his office with four undressed youths. When I stuck my head in the door and told him what I wanted, he cried, "Come on in. We'll try to drum up a little something for you." He waved me to a chair beside his desk and resumed a discourse aimed at a boy who was lying on a table in the corner. "I tell you what I think's the matter with you, son," the Doctor said. "I think you were just a bit nervous. You ought to have a good heart at your age." The boy opened his mouth and started to say something, but the Doctor interrupted. "I'll do the talking. You just take it easy. We're going to give you another chance." He explained to me that the boy's pulse, after exercise, had been going like a machine gun. He then sat down at the desk, adjusted a pair of tortoise-shell glasses, and peered at the three other boys, clad only in their underwear, who were sitting on a couch looking tolerably miserable. "First man," cried the Doctor, fixing his eye on a gangling, wire-haired youth. "All clothes off and stand in the centre of the floor." To me, he said in a low voice, "Watch them now. Self-conscious as the devil. Modesty—everybody's got it."

The boy, who, the Doctor said, had just graduated from Dartmouth, walked awkwardly to the centre of the floor and stood looking rigidly ahead at a spot on the wall. "How's your balance?" asked Dr. Collins, getting up and facing the boy. "You've got to have balance to fly an airplane, you know." "I think my balance is O.K.," the boy said. "What do I have to do?" "Close your eyes and stand on one leg," the Doctor told him. The boy closed his eyes and lifted his left leg. He immediately began to rock and nearly fell down. The Doctor chuckled. "Looks like you went into a ground loop, son. You been drinking?" The boy got red in the face and said, "No, sir. I'll just try it again." This time he did better, though he had to twist around a good deal to keep from putting his lifted leg down. His performance on the other leg was better, and the Doctor looked satisfied. Then he took some soundings with a stethoscope. The physical examination was thorough, and the Doctor gathered all the usual data and a lot more besides. Consulting the paper on which he was writing down answers, Dr. Collins went through a section under the heading "Neuropsychiatric Examination." I asked him if the neuropsychiatric section floored many of the collegians, and he replied, "Why, the college type is moderately normal, although we do get an occasional screwball." Some of the questions of this section had to do with whether the applicant stammered, had any difficulty walking, suffered from dizziness or tension, and whether members of his family had mental troubles. Asked if he used any drugs, the wire-haired youth answered, "Well, I used to take an occasional physic." The other boys giggled, and the Doctor coughed and said, "I think we can get you by anyhow."

The boy was then told to put on his clothes and go into the adjoining room, where he would be subjected to a more difficult balance test. Dr. Collins told me to be sure and watch this. "Sometimes they get sick," he said. "I've got a couple of pharmacists' mates in there. They put these prospective humming birds in a steel chair and give them a proper spinning." The wire-haired youth, who had been listening rather anxiously, began to get dressed slowly. I watched the next applicant resolutely take up a stand in the centre of the floor. This boy said he had been going to New York University and lived on Staten Island. He had a heavy silver band around his right wrist. "What's that gadget?" asked the Doctor. "You got a busted wrist?" The boy said it was a slave bracelet. "A what bracelet?" asked the Doctor. "Slave bracelet. You know, a girl gives it to you with her name on it." "That's fine," said the Doctor. "Take it off. How the devil am I going to get your blood pressure if your arms are all trussed up with gadgets?"

THE wire-haired youth was now dressed and heading dolefully toward the lair of the pharmacists' mates. I followed. The mates, plump, jovial men, were standing around talking near a vicious-looking instrument resembling a cross between an electric chair and a baby's high chair. "*Entrez*," cried one of them. "Make yourself comfortable," said the other, waving to a chair, after I had identified myself. There were three other boys, wearing dark glasses, sitting on a bench in the room. One of the mates told me these three had had their eyes refracted and examined and were recovering before going home. The incoming applicant was placed in the chair, made fast by an encircling metal band, and the mates stepped back for a consultation. "Whose turn is it?" asked one. "Why, I believe I spun last," said the other. "You always say that," answered the first, but he took a step forward and seized a handle that was fixed to the rear of the chair. "This comes under the heading of hard work," he told me as he started to spin. The boy hung onto the arms of the chair with both hands and held his head down. After the chair had revolved a dozen or so times the mate stopped it, and he and his colleague darted forward and watched the boy's eyeballs, which were rolling around. One of the mates had a stopwatch in his hand. "Eleven seconds," he cried, looking at the watch. He explained to me that the average person's eyes stopped rolling in twenty-six seconds and that the eyes of Aviation Cadets were supposed to stop anywhere between fourteen and thirty-six seconds. "This boy hung up an eleven," said the mate. "Spin him again." After the second round the boy's eyes stopped in twelve seconds. "How do you feel?" asked the mate at the helm. "You sick?" The boy gulped and mumbled, "Nope, I'm all right." "Fine!" cried the mate. "Spin him again." This time the boy's eyes rolled for fourteen seconds and he be-

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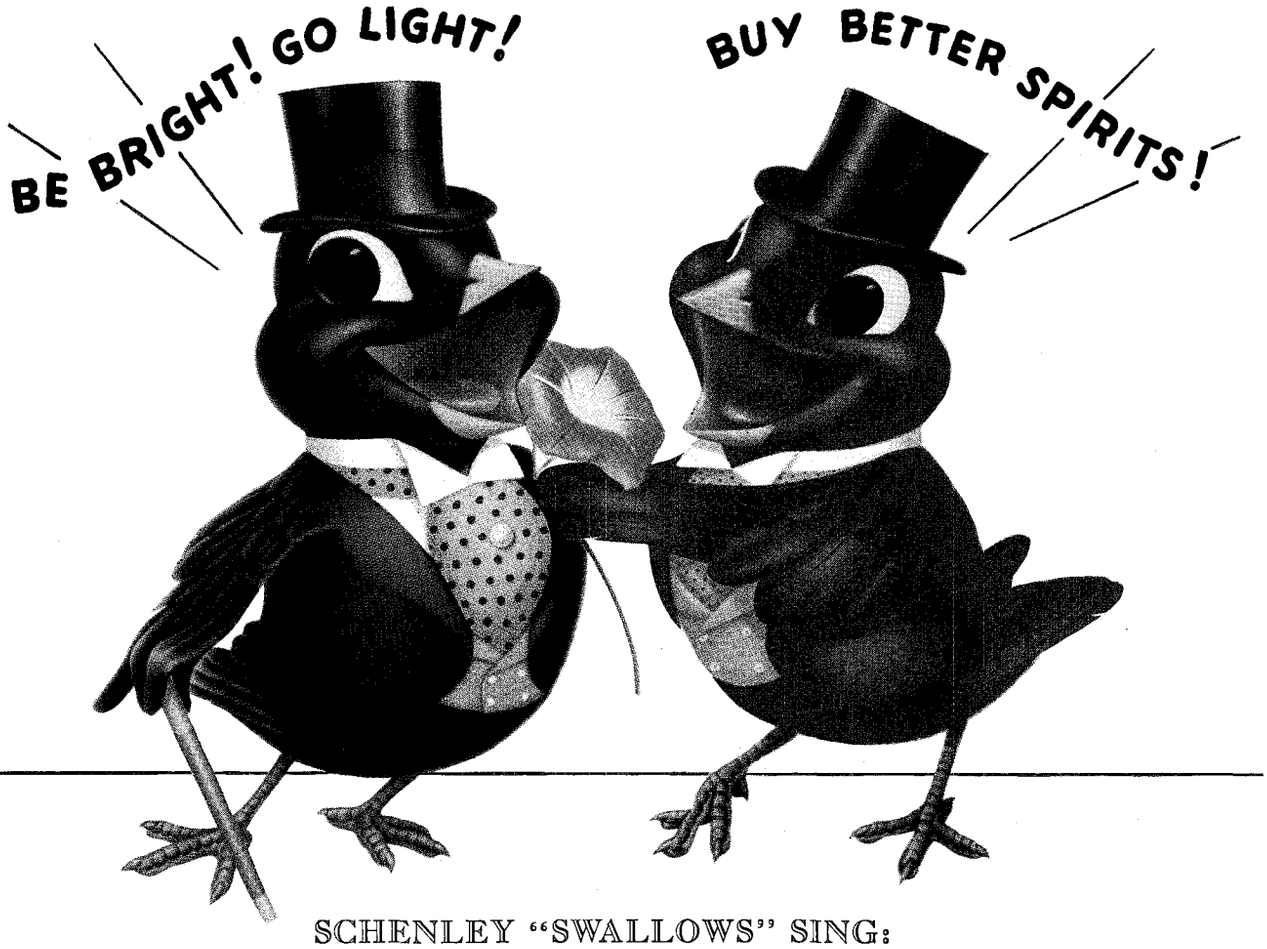

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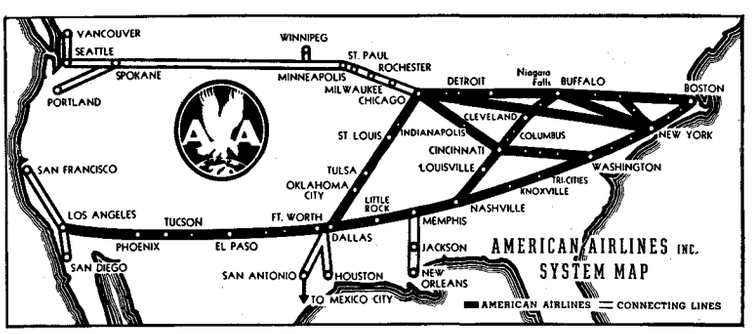

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is "to slap some more muscle on the fleet's air arm and do it as quickly as possible."

WHILE Commander Rice was telling me this, an orderly walked in from one of the other upstairs rooms and said, "There's a fresh bunch of applicants just come in, sir." I followed Commander Rice into an office and watched him interview them. The first boy was equipped in the approved collegiate fashion with a crew haircut, unmatched coat and trousers, and a bow tie. He said he had just graduated from New York University. "You look a little thin. How much do you weigh?" asked Commander Rice. The boy said he weighed a hundred and twenty-five pounds. "The minimum's a hundred and thirty-two," said Commander Rice. "Do you think you could fat up?" "I doubt it," the boy answered. "I've always been skinny, but I don't see why that ought to keep me out." Commander Rice expressed regret and advised the applicant to go home and start drinking cream. He said to me, "About ninety-five per cent of them don't get by for some reason or other. The physical examination floors the majority."

The next youth to come in had been waiting in the hall, within earshot, during these proceedings, and he looked apprehensive. He was dressed in a tan gabardine suit and had slick black hair and a toothbrush mustache. "I got out of Columbia in 1938 and I've been selling reversible raincoats ever since," he said as he sat down on the edge of a chair. "How come you decided to take this course?" asked Commander Rice. "Well, I figured the wet season was about over," replied the youth, snickering to signify that he had made a joke. "Seriously, sir," he continued, "I've always been interested in aviation, and then there's the war." "What about the war?" Commander Rice asked. "Why, if there's a war—I mean if we get in a war—I'd much rather be a flier than anything else," the youth said earnestly. Commander Rice looked amused and sent him along to talk to the other officers. He then interviewed a boy who had just got out of Manhattan College, one from Brooklyn Polytech, and one who was attending the New York State Merchant Marine Academy in the Bronx. All of them said they wanted to take up aviation as a career and, when pressed, acknowledged a slight war fever. The boy from the marine school had just come back from a trip to Japan.

"I'm about to get my third mate's papers," he said, "but I got to thinking, and I figured I'd rather be a flier." After studying a transcript of the boy's college record for a few minutes, Commander Rice said, "Well, I tell you. You haven't got exactly the right number of mathematical credits here, but I'm going to see what can be done. You go on home and I'll get in touch with you when I find out." When the boy had left, Commander Rice said to me, "He looks like he'd make a good man. Once in a while Washington will make an exception."

The last applicant in the group was a quiet, self-possessed, muscular youth of about twenty-two. He answered the questions quickly and with confidence, as if he was sure that he was qualified. He had just graduated from Duke and he intended to become a flier and stay a flier. "O.K., Duke," said Commander Rice, "you go up and talk to the officers in the room at the end of the hall and we'll see. How are you physically?" "I'm a tough cookie," said Duke. He left, and Commander Rice expressed the hope that the boy could make the grade, saying, "Plenty of control—got an eye like a flier."

COMMANDER RICE then took me for a turn through the hangar. In the large central ground space there were only a few planes—a gray scout bomber and some yellow training planes. "We had ten of those SBC-4's," said Commander Rice, pointing to the bomber, "but nine of them went helling out of here with that shipment to the Allies. Don't let anybody tell you those planes are out of date. That's a *real* airplane." I climbed up in the bomber and sat down. It seemed well made for killing, with a stout metal body, a deep cockpit, adequate small arms, and handy bomb releases. The instrument board glittered with dials, knobs, chromium, and glass, and there was a sliding hood over the cockpit to shut out the weather. Commander Rice, an incorrigible Navy man, told me that the SBC-4 cruised at two hundred knots.

I got out and walked along with him to the cadets' quarters. There was a large locker room in which three or four were undressing and a sort of combination dormitory and living room. Along one wall of the living room were arranged a dozen double-decker beds, neatly made up, as alike as twelve cells in a jail. Between the beds and a row of windows were several tables and chairs, and on the walls were pictures of ships and airplanes. Although nobody was in the room, a small radio on one of the tables was setting up a gaudy din with "Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga." Commander Rice whirled the dial and got a news broadcast which was quoting something from one of Benito Mussolini's addresses. He snapped it off, clucking disgustedly. "Phooey!" he said. As we went back through the locker room, he said, "The boys all pride themselves on being neat and clean. Have a look in here," and he yanked open a locker. A heap of garments, toilet articles, athletic equipment, and magazines spilled out on the floor. Commander Rice looked pained. "There must be some mistake. We'll try another." The next locker was, if possible, in a greater state of disarray than the first. Commander Rice mumbled "Tut, tut."

We came to a room where a man was folding parachutes, taking care, naturally enough, to smooth out all the wrinkles and arrange the strings. Pointing to a framed document on the wall, Commander Rice said, "That's the parachute-folder's creed, a most important part of flying." I started to read the creed. It told about the man who folds parachutes and how all of his comrades depend on him for their lives. It was pretty long, so I didn't read it all. Commander Rice said the parachutes, being silk, cost a good deal of money and that both instructors and students wore one every time they went up. "Everybody who flies a Navy plane wears a parachute," he said. "It's the rule." We went into the radio room and then out on the field. On the way, I noticed one of the cadets studying what appeared at a distance to be a chart on a wall, and I walked over to have a look. It turned out to be a calendar with a dazzling picture of a naked girl on it, part of a shipment that had just come in. The cadet worshipped in silence for a minute, then emitted a loud "Hmmm" and departed.

Outside, a gusty wind was blowing over the marshes, making flying difficult. As we approached a group of students and instructors gathered on the field, a training plane rocked down to a one-point landing and came bumping toward us. "Not bad, with all this wind," observed Commander Rice. "I've done a good deal worse myself." One of the instructors, who wore a parachute, was giving a little pep talk as we joined the group. "This is your last rehearsal before the final windup," he was saying, "so if there's anything on your mind, you'd better speak up now." No-

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

HANGAR NO. 1

SINCE the end of last summer there has been an atmosphere of collegiate gaiety in the neighborhood of Hangar No. 1, Floyd Bennett Field, South Brooklyn, which is the headquarters of the Naval Reserve of the New York district. The gaiety is due not to the natural high spirits of Naval Reserve men but to an actual visitation of young college men. They have been turning up in increasing quantities lately, dressed with the schemelessness of the campus, their hair snipped down to short bristles, and their faces flushed with the hope of adventure. They go to Hangar No. 1 to apply for training to become Naval Reserve Aviation Cadets, a rank created by an act of Congress in 1935 to supplement the air force of the Navy. Over two thousand youths who have finished at least two years of college work and live within a few hundred miles of New York City have applied for enlistment at Floyd Bennett Field since the war in Europe started. This is four times the number that applied in the twelve preceding months. There are at present eighteen hundred cadets in active service with the fleet; last year President Roosevelt signed a bill providing for six thousand, and last month he signed another upping the total to sixteen thousand. With the international situation what it is, more bills may come along at any time. Whatever happens, the Naval Reserve Aviation Cadets are down in the President's book for quick promotion to an important rôle in national preparedness.

I DECIDED recently to go over and take a look at some of these college boys who are to strengthen the Navy in the air. After arriving at the field, which forms a sort of island in the Brooklyn salt marshes, I went to Hangar No. 1, a large, cavernous, two-story building with devious halls and stairways surrounding the space where the airplanes are stored. Upstairs, in the officers' wardroom, I found Lieutenant Commander Albert Rice, who said he was in charge of recruiting.

Commander Rice is a man who thinks it would be a good thing if all adult males could fly an airplane, particularly a Navy plane. He said he had just been mustered out of a bank in Wall Street to take up the cudgels for democracy. The bank president, a patriotic capitalist, gave him a leave of absence. He has been in the Naval Reserve ever since he quit Dartmouth during the last World War. He trained fliers in that war, and now he's at it again. The way this happened was that a group of the old Pensacola boys got together and agreed that it was high time somebody pitched in and gave the government a little help, and Commander Rice was one of several who went right ahead and pitched in. He is known officially as Aviation Cadet Procurement Officer, word having come from Washington that the term "recruiting" was not being used any more in the Naval Reserve. Lately, Commander Rice has been up to his ears in publicity work, trying to overcome sluggishness among earthbound youth. He makes radio talks and visits the newspapers, and not long ago took two other men and an amphibian and made a swing of several colleges. "We put in some dandy licks," he told me, "and harvested forty men."

An applicant for aviation-cadet training must be a single, male citizen and between twenty and twenty-seven. He is considered educationally fit if he is a graduate of any college approved by the Navy (only a few obscure ones are not approved) or if he has completed two years of college work that has included certain mathematical subjects. Once the officers at Floyd Bennett have satisfied themselves about a boy's academic background, they have a good talk with him, size him up for "personality defects," and then send him to a Naval Reserve doctor, who sizes him up physically, with the aid of microscopes. If the youth appears sound on all counts, he is told to go home and wait until he is called for duty. There is currently a waiting list in the New York district of about four hundred, on account of the deluge of applicants in the last few months. When a boy's turn comes, he is first given a thirty-day preliminary course at Floyd Bennett Field, where he lives in quarters in the hangar. He is paid $114, out of which he buys his own food. There is a cafeteria in the hangar where adequate meals may be had for thirty cents, but many of the cadets, being from well-to-do families, take their meals at good restaurants in Brooklyn. The cadets get ten hours of dual-flying instruction during this training period. They also attend ground school, which includes radio and mechanical work, each boy doing all the repairs on the plane he is assigned to fly. Then, at the end of the thirty days, there is a nervous period of solo flights. Every boy who solos without any trouble is sent to Pensacola for an additional seven months' training. There he gets thorough instruction in every branch of naval aviation—navigation, machine-gunning, bombing, radio, mechanics, the handling of all kinds of planes, and even pistol shooting. He is then commissioned as an ensign and sent to an aircraft squadron of the fleet for three years and five months, during which his pay is $205 a month.

I gathered from Commander Rice that the officers at Floyd Bennett are suffering from a little war of nerves all their own. Their present quota of cadets in training at the field is only fifteen a month, but because of the new expansion program almost anything can happen. The officers expect the quota to be increased any day now, and other, more drastic changes may follow. There is even a chance that part of the seven months' Pensacola training work will be shifted to Floyd Bennett. The main idea, as Commander Rice describes it,

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TONIGHT

They're Playing Under Lights!

by Westinghouse

• *Few fans ever dreamed* the day would come when after dinner they could ride out to a stadium and watch a professional baseball game played under lights.

• *Yet, the idea* of night baseball was advanced as early as three decades ago. True, nothing was done about this so-called "fantastic dream" then. But twelve years ago, a minor league club toured the country with a portable lighting system and played before fans at night in much the same manner as a carnival troupe.

• *Night baseball* at last became a reality. And it proved increasingly popular, evidenced by the fact that in the past ten years it has developed in the minor leagues to a point where seven games out of every ten are today played under lights.

• *In 1935* night baseball graduated to its first major league park. So rapidly has it caught on here that eight of the big league parks are now equipped with the most modern lighting facilities. And we are proud to say that five of these lighting systems were designed and installed by our own company.

• *One has only* to check the turnstiles to appreciate how eagerly the public has taken night baseball to its heart.

• *In 1939,* for instance, nearly one million persons attended major league night baseball games. The night games at Shibe Park, Philadelphia, topped the daytime attendance average five to one. In Comiskey Park, Chicago, the first six night games drew over 188,000 paid admissions.

• *There has been* similar enthusiastic response to night games played in the Polo Grounds, New York; Sportsman's Field, St. Louis; Forbes Field, Pittsburgh; as well as those at other baseball parks.

• *Consider if you will* the unusual demands of a lighting system that must provide glareless illumination for a fast night baseball game.

• *At Forbes Field,* Pittsburgh, our most recent installation, more than 210 million candlepower of light is spread over the field from 864 floodlights, each of some 1500 watt capacity. Their combined output would be enough to light every home in a city of 25,000 population. If this light were concentrated in a single unit it would make a newspaper readable more than 18 miles away. Distributed as it is, the illumination over Forbes Field is 19 times brighter than the average business man's desk.

• *Fortunately,* we at Westinghouse were able to bring to this exacting problem a long and highly varied lighting experience. Through the important contributions we have made to better lighting, stores have been made more attractive to shoppers; factories and offices more efficient for employees; school rooms more conducive to study; public thoroughfares, airports and river docks infinitely more safe.

OF ALL THINGS

NO doubt it was the President's sense of duty which compelled him to take a third nomination. It must be remembered, however, that there is no habit harder to break than living at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

•

If the President sticks to his plan, this is going to be a highly complicated campaign. Willkie will run against Roosevelt, and Roosevelt against Hitler.

•

Henry Wallace's nomination was another violent break with custom in that he agrees with the head man about everything. We usually have running mates who do not see eye to eye or hear ear to ear.

•

Senator Burke's tastes have improved greatly since the Nebraska Democrats retired him from circulation. Not long ago he was starry-eyed about Hitler, but now he likes Willkie.

•

The Democrats accomplished the miraculous feat of producing a foreign-affairs plank which is as evasive and pussyfooting as that of the Republicans. There is nothing more irresolute than a resolutions committee.

•

Hitler's ultimatum to civilization was poorly timed for the American radio audience. We have been suffering lately from an overproduction of domestic bad oratory.

•

England will not be distressed to learn that we are not going to send over any soldiers. Our planes are worth more than our company.

•

Some WPA pictures were recently removed from the walls at Floyd Bennett Field because they were tainted with Communism. This is the worst case of mural turpitude since Rivera profaned Rockefeller Center.

•

Refreshed by its vacation, Congress comes back to appropriate more money for defence. Someday we shall have fond memories of the dear old fiscal year when we spent only $9,666,085,539.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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"NEW MOON"
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Bucks County, Pa.
Large 10-room old stone house, stone barn and other outbuildings. 130 acres, 25 of which are good woodland. Brook 100 yards from house, runs through the entire property. Price, $7,600. Near Sundale, Pa.
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know you think we're about to strike at any moment and be wrecked. But, my love, I promise you, there is clear water ahead." Further along in the letter there were long paragraphs about her childhood, passages about her father. "I wish I could explain to you about my father. I remember particularly how I was always afraid that he would come home. Even now, when the bell rings and I'm not expecting anyone, I get cold at the thought that it might be he."

He put the half-read letter on his desk and went to bed. But he could not sleep. He lay a long time, then the black of night became a nightmare and he woke up cold with sweat. He rose and, still in the dark, he found the draft of the report he was working on. He held it in one hand. With the other he found her letter and threw it in the wastebasket. He dropped a lighted match after it, watched the flames consume the letter, and then he went back to bed and fell asleep.

TWO weeks later, Jerry's wife called him and said, "You'd better go to see her. She is very sick." He went with a large box of flowers. When the nurse would not let him in, he felt relieved. He went to tell the florist to send her flowers daily and on the way he stopped off at a café for a drink.

The diplomatic circles forgot him and he dropped back into his old life. He went to several parties; he took a girl home. He rode up in the elevator at the bureau with Jerry's wife, and she cut him dead. Jerry spoke to him only on pressing business and never looked him in the eyes.

He began to feel bored with Washington, and he wondered whether he should resign and get a job in New York again. He heard she was going to Florida to recuperate and he telephoned to her to say goodbye. They found very little to talk about. She spoke mainly about her coming trip. She said, "Thank you for having found time to call me up."

After that he saw her only once more. Some time before he went back to New York, on a Saturday afternoon, he stopped his car at a red light on Connecticut Avenue. He saw her standing on the corner, waiting for the light to change. She was dressed in gray and she looked middle-aged. Their eyes met and with an effort he waved, and she waved back. In a moment the light turned to green and he drove away. He had gone a block or two before he thought that maybe he should have offered her a lift. —NATHAN ASCH

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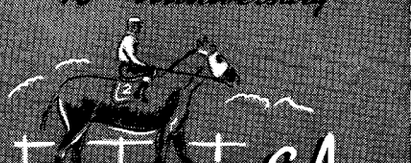
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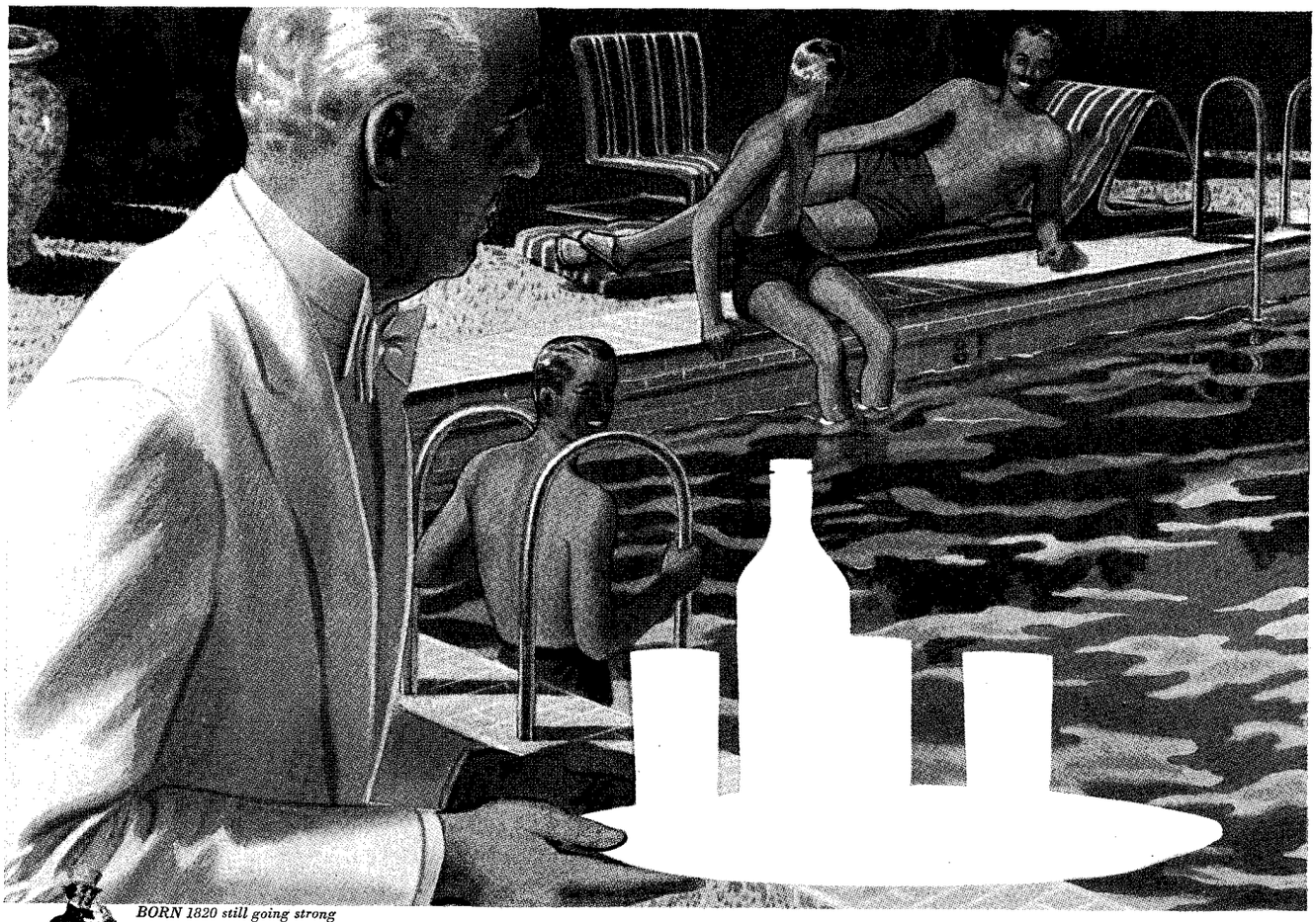

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When *your* thermometer hits high figures, heed this tropical hint... sip a tall, iced Johnnie Walker Black Label and soda. Travelled tastes agree, there's no finer whisky than Scotch, and Johnnie Walker is Scotch at its smooth, mellow best.

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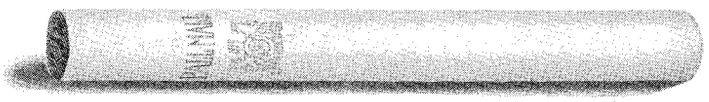

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In "BULKING," the superb Pall Mall tobaccos are mingled together and left to rest in big, fragrant heaps. Here they generate their own heat—and bask in it. Given sufficient time in this beneficial warmth (careful, old-fashioned, conscientious workmanship just can't be hurried) the tobaccos merge into one supremely mellow blend. Harsh qualities grow mild; subtle flavors and aromas are released, to permeate every shred of tobacco. Thus "BULKING" mellows the smoke . . . gives you a really smoother cigarette.

A significant fact, established by independent research: With Pall Mall, there is noticeably less finger stain, or no finger stain at all.

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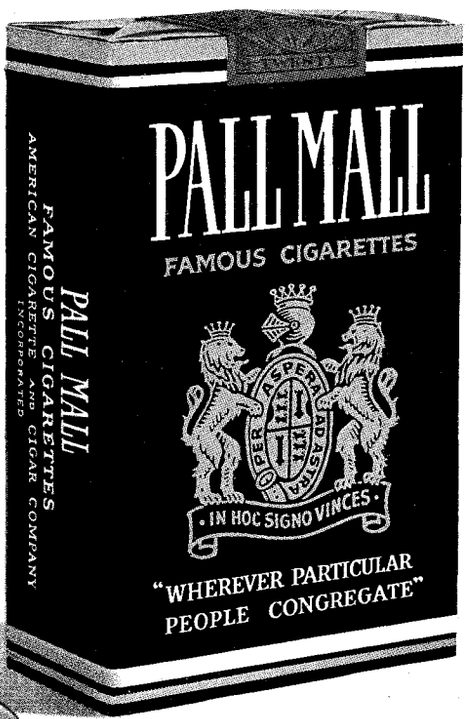
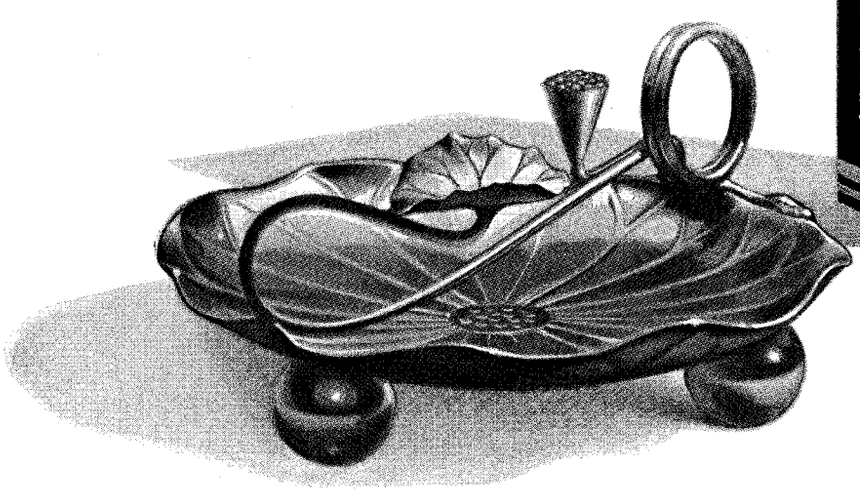
Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!





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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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organdie and organza in bouffant, youthful models are all around, but the star of out-and-out cottons is not in the ascendant. Perhaps Southampton remembers its early training and, having been brought up on evening materials for evening frocks, prefers things that way. —C. W.

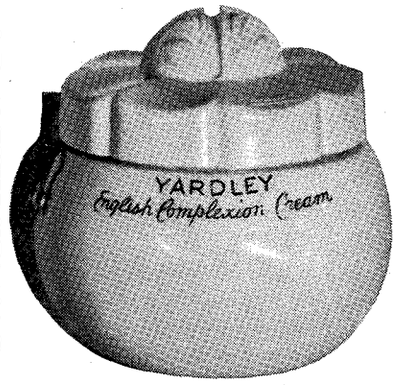
AND IN NEW YORK—

WHEN Lilly Daché told me that some of her new hats would reveal a Latin-American, and especially a Peruvian Indian, influence, I didn't quite know what to expect—fuzzy or feathery ceremonial headdresses, maybe, with touches of miniature blowguns and poisoned darts. Well, I was wrong about that. What Daché had in mind was South American color schemes, and not a reversion to savagery. The most aboriginal thing I could find in her shop, in fact, was a Peruvian sailor edged with bright Indian embroidery and held firmly in place by a black knitted cap. (She loves hats that hug the head; you won't find one in her collection that balances itself nervously on a single hair.) I admired, too, a pair of Indian caps, both of softly striped wool woven in Peru. One is peaked, practically a hood; the other is square.

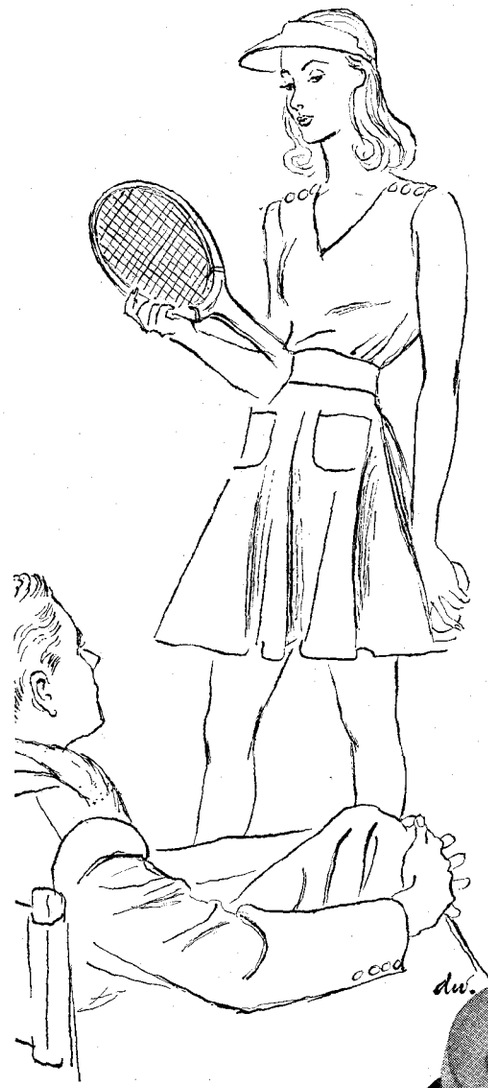
Caps of all kinds abound. There are Minerva caps of green felt with bright-orange wings rising at either side, and others in lavender pink (she calls it chicha) with flat, self-colored wings curling smoothly over the ears. I also liked her two-in-one idea, a felt cap having a separate strip of skunk, dyed blue and tipped with silver, to be worn high across the front of the hat like a coronet or to be tied across the back. An Irene Castle cap in vivid rose felt might lend the necessary lift to an otherwise too sombre black dress. The hat is so deep the points at the sides are folded to continue down into high revers. If you prefer, though, the points can be wrapped and tied snugly around the throat like a stock.

Perhaps Daché, who must have been stunned by the frostiness of what we still forlornly call spring and summer, is worrying about winter being not far behind—a winter with glacial ice caps on the Westchester hills, as like as not. At any rate, aside from all this neck wrapping, many of her hats have deep tabs over the ears as efficacious as earmuffs and certainly more attractive. South America shows its hand in dangling earrings pinned to the tabs on her huge Spanish sailors, and in a tiny hat in potato-peel brown (her name for the color, not mine). From it falls a Chan-

An "English Complexion" at Southampton



Yardley's few simple fundamental beauty aids help to bring out the latent loveliness in a woman's skin. Loveliness that is as *natural*, as radiant as summer's dew-drenched sunshine!



If you're a debutante (or *almost* a debutante), you will need only the very simplest of Yardley beauty treatments. Start with Yardley's English Lavender Soap . . . the luxury soap of the world. Lovely lavender-fragrant lather, to leave your skin feeling cool and exquisitely refreshed. The single tablet, 35c . . . . . Box of 3, $1

And use Yardley's "English Complexion" Cream at least once a day. Its benign touch is freshness and youth itself. Its texture is so rich and soft. And it is a perfectly lovely powder base $1

If you are a young-married and wisely take added care of your skin, you will heap blessings upon Yardley's exquisite Night Cream. A rich texture treatment . . . soothing and happily reassuring. And a boon to any woman who may be feeling slightly haggard at the end of a hot, tiresome day $1

If you like to spend a lot of your time out-of-doors, use Yardley's Cleansing Cream to soothe and soften the ill effects of too much sun and wind. A luxurious skin lubricant—ideal for deep, basic cleansing $1

Use Yardley's Foundation Cream for a matchless make-up base of magnolia smoothness 85c

You may purchase these famous Yardley aids to complexion loveliness at any finer drug and department store. And at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Write to this address for our book, "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street." Quite free.

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Wear Aquacade Waterproof Make-up by land or sea as they do at the World's Fair *Aquacade*. In and out of the water, hour after hour, their make-up stays on . . powder, mascara, lipstick, all of it. Their skin is protected from sunburn. Little lines and blemishes are concealed. They look as fresh and glamorous as they did when they first made up!

AQUACADE FOUNDATION CREAM—Insures a perfect make-up. Conceals blemishes. Lasts all day. Not affected by moisture. In lotion form also. Light or dark. 1.00

AQUACADE INDELIBLE LIPSTICK— Wonderful for all day wear. LIGHT, flattering to every complexion. DARK, for tanned skins and those who want to look tanned. 1.00

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tilly lace veil, to be drawn across the chin and swooping well below the hemline. Whether you are the type is entirely up to you, and you will also have to decide for yourself about the black net domino masks which she shows even with tailored felts. I'd feel completely silly in one, but some women might think it would lend what they call an air of enchantment at night.

JAY-THORPE, too, seem to feel winter in their bones, and have whipped up a collection of ready-to-wear originals sufficiently tempting to lure even the most persistent sun-worshipper into town. There is a certain consistency about what you will find here. Practically everything is yoked, trimming and fullness are always concentrated at the front, and backs are invariably straight and starkly plain. Black velvet dinner suits are permanent favorites with Jay-Thorpe. This season's version has a short jacket, slightly bloused, above a wide waistband. The skirt is very long—they like all skirts long for evening; no flibbertigibbet short, swirling affairs for them—and has a white marquisette blouse with lace bands arranged to form a yoke. A more dramatic idea, which should make you an outstanding woman in any group, is of Nile-green slipper satin. Its tightly fitted jacket is trimmed with brown, and the dress beneath has a low décolletage and a widely corseleted midriff. A dinner dress of shimmering silver lamé, despite soft revers, suggests medieval armor, but in a clinging and feminine way.

For daytime, Jay-Thorpe use bold color combinations, as in a black crêpe dress with horizontal bands of jade green and magenta high across the chest and lavishly trimming the wrap-around sash, and in a tailored emerald-green wool-jersey affair girdled in purple suède. Green pops up constantly, most successfully in a spruce-colored wool crêpe with strips of matching velveteen running from above the waist to the bottom of the skirt and giving a box-pleated effect. The velveteen appears again on the revers of the jacket. Then there is a green wool crêpe which will make you long for the first frost—a dress with a high, square neck, and a longer, slender, yoked jacket in leopardskin. Taupe, a color I have not seen around for a long time, is a close runner-up; for instance, in a crêpe dress having matching narrow velveteen bands which form a sailor collar and another strip on the skirt to give a basque effect. A thin wool dress in the same color is charmingly Old World without being too anachronistic.

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Its coat is trimmed with velveteen scallops and the skirt carries a velveteen band with a pattern looking like the joined-hands paper dolls our grandmothers used to cut out all in one long strip.

For colder weather, Jay-Thorpe have copied their famous woollen polo coat in nutria, using huge engraved metal buttons, one of which has been placed smack in the middle of the belted back. For afternoons, look at a dream princesse coat of gray broadtail with platina-fox trim; and a mandarin coat of sleek black caracul, lined with Chinese red, fastened with gay miniature birds perched on gold branches. You can do tricks with a dignified dark mink coat that has long, loose sleeves. For evening, they suggest turning them well back to form wide cuffs, which for some reason gives the coat a more luxurious appearance. For day, you wear the coat straight and, if you have any pennies left, top it off with a matching Scotch cap.

All-Things-to-All-Women Item: Houbigant has a brand-new perfume, Transparence, which is supposed to reflect your personality, whatever. My own being in a harried state at the moment, I can't say for sure whether it works, but since none of the women I've asked can agree on what it smells like, there may be something to Houbigant's claim. To me, it has a ferny, woods-at-night scent beneath its sweet overtones. At Saks-Fifth Avenue, Altman, and Lord & Taylor. . . . Long-May-She-Wave Item: Alfred Orlik, 395 Madison Avenue (47th), has long, slim composition cigarette-holders, including the ejector type, in red, white, and blue. Some of them are trimmed with delicate rhinestone bands, and all look like a lot more than the $1 to $3 they cost.—M. M.

• •

YOUNG MAN, GO COMMERCIAL!

In days of old it was believed
That fortunes made in trading
Were ignominiously achieved
And socially degrading.
The gentry burned the midnight wick
With scholarly obsession
That in the future they might pick
A gentleman's profession.

Grandfather, I salute with pride
The laurel on your pate,
But oh, how come, how come you died
With such a small estate?
Laymen and critics both agree
You pushed a mighty pen;
Why didn't you push a breakfast tea
Or start a five-and-ten?
When Mr. Pullman sold his stock,
Why didn't you buy yourself a block?

If some shrewd forebear had thought up
A way of killing vermin,
A folding chair, or a paper cup,
I'd now be wearing ermine.
With rights to something 3-in-1,
Like a floor or furniture wax,
I'd now be having a lot of fun
And dodging the income tax.

But, Grandsire, in a two-room flat
My few spare hours are spent
Supinely playing contract at
A twentieth of a cent.
Your tablet in the Hall of Fame
Adorns a noble group,
But oh, if I could see your name
On a well-known soap or soup!
Heirs and assigns, to tell the truth,
Would swap a bust for a World's Fair booth.

—Baird Leonard

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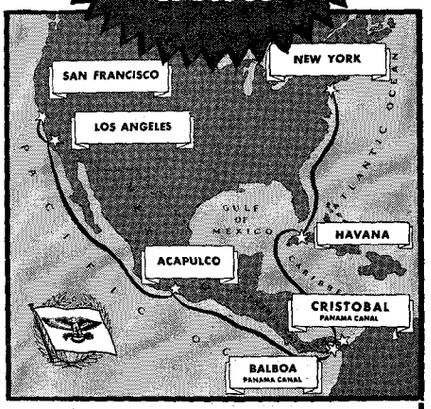

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THE RACE TRACK

Ups and Downs

LAST week was a trying one for favorites. As if it was not bad enough for Challedon to finish third in the Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs, Bimelech was beaten in the Classic Stakes at Arlington Park. It is only fair to say that Challedon looked almost too plump at Boston the other afternoon. He's the type that needs a lot of galloping to get into condition. If he'd had a race to wind him up, I expect he'd have won the Massachusetts Handicap. Well, he's fit now, and provided the trip to California hasn't been too much for him, he ought to win the Hollywood Gold Cup this weekend. Although Challedon has never been exactly my kind of champion, he'll be the best animal in that race.

The Massachusetts Handicap was a good show, with none of the crowding or saddle-grabbing we've seen in other years. Pass Out led for nearly a mile, then Eight Thirty came around him on the stretch turn and won in track-record time. Possibly no one would have been particularly surprised by Eight Thirty's outburst if he hadn't just been beaten in the Brooklyn and Butler Handicaps. He looked unusually well, and apparently liked the Boston track, which wasn't rough, as Aqueduct and Empire City were when he ran on them. Trainers say, by the way, that the Suffolk Downs course, which is near the ocean, is fast when the tide is out and slow when it's in. This may be just an old horseleech's tale for all I know, but it makes a new alibi. As for other runners in the race, Hash ran well and Isolater abominably, War Dog used himself up following the swift early pace, The Finest didn't live up to his name, and Fenelon, as I suggested after he won the Empire City Handicap, isn't a wonder three-year-old, if indeed there is such a thing this season.

WHICH brings me to the fade-out of Bimelech. Recent reports on his training were unusually good, but from all accounts of the Classic Stakes —including the one on my radio—he ran well for only half a mile. Perhaps he never recovered from his hard training and racing in Kentucky this spring. I'm afraid there isn't much I can say in favor of Sirocco, who beat Bimelech by ten lengths and Gallahadion by seven in the Classic. His form was only fair, which is what it has been all season, but his last workouts were good, and that might account for the race he ran.

There was not much form in the Hollywood Derby, either. Something named Big Flash won the $25,000 purse, beating Mioland (the favorite), Weigh Anchor, Sweepida, and half a dozen others. I heard this race over the radio, too. The broadcast was naïve enough, but not so bewildering as the announcer's arch description of the weather for the Classic Stakes: "A perfect summer day, with the temperature in the low nineties."

EVERY once in a while someone asks if betting on jockeys isn't profitable. Well, you could have made money backing Irving Anderson's mounts one day last week at Empire City. He rode five winners—Madly, Cuckoo-Man, Counterglow, Scrooge, and Mantagna —finished third on Peep Show, and out of the money on Abbott's Maid. A $2-to-win bet on each would have brought you $88.90. Anderson, a shy, chunky young man with a broad face, bright eyes, and a Western accent, is twenty-four years old and has been riding races since he was fourteen. Born on a farm in Nebraska, he started riding for his father, who raced a small stable at county fairs. The boy did so well at it that a scout for Dick McMahan, manager of the Calumet Farm stable, hired him. That was five years ago. Last year he rode 69 winners out of 536 mounts; so far this season he has ridden 80 out of 520. He is now under contract to Jock Whitney's stable. For recreation he likes swimming and tennis, and plays a fair game of darts.

IF He Did isn't the best sprinter we've ever seen, he'll do for the present. His finest performance this year was in the Fleetwing Handicap at Empire City last weekend, in which he carried 132 pounds and won rather easily in fast time. It was his fifth victory in five starts in 1940. Not at all bad for a seven-year-old horse.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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READERS OF MARCEL PROUST, PLEASE NOTE

THE recent arrival at LaGuardia Airport, on the Clipper, of Colonel Jacques Balsan and his wife, the former Consuelo Vanderbilt, gives a certain timeliness to a piece of antiquarian research I have been doing on the 1937 edition of *Tout Paris*, a French book of reference which lists members of Paris society who fall into such qualifying categories as *High-Life, Fonctionnaires, Haute Finance, Propriétaires et Rentiers*, and so on. I have been investigating the 1937 volume specifically because I got behind on my subscription to *Tout Paris* and that is the latest edition I have, but my principal reason for going through the book is that I wanted to find out which members of French society, in happier days at least, were the owners of balloons.

The various *Social Registers* in this country—in their summer editions, anyway—indicate by little pictures which of their entries are equipped with sloop yachts, schooner yachts, and steam yachts or launches, but *Tout Paris* goes them several better by providing pictures denoting the possessors of six types of transportation—*propriétaire d'auto, de yacht, de voilier, de canot automobile, d'avion, et de ballon.* It took me only a few flips of the pages to find a number of owners of *voiliers*, or sailboats, such as Maxime Lefebvre-Despeaux, Dr. René Frizac, and Baron Gilbert de Knyff; of *canots automobiles*, or motorboats, such as Baron Jules de Koenigswarter, Marquis André de Montpeyroux de Chezet, and Prince Guy de Polignac. Plenty of persons listed, among them Dr. Sylvestre Proust, the Duc de Noailles, the Marquis de Montrichard, Baron Maurice de Rothschild, Guy de Wendel, and André Maurois, are listed as owning either cars, yachts, or airplanes. Mme. Cécile Sorel, the actress, is down as the proprietor of a car, a yacht, *and* an airplane, just like our Marshall Field, while M. Jean-G. d'Hericourt Schwob, *membre du Conseil Supérieur de la France d'Outre-Mer*, has a picture of an automobile turned upside down opposite his name—indicating, no doubt, that he has been in a rather severe accident.

In all my dipping and flipping, however, I have come across only one *propriétaire de ballon*—Colonel Jacques Balsan, of Av. Ch.-Floquet, 9, *Huitième Arrondissement.*

I like to reflect on the flexible editorial policy of the publishers of this

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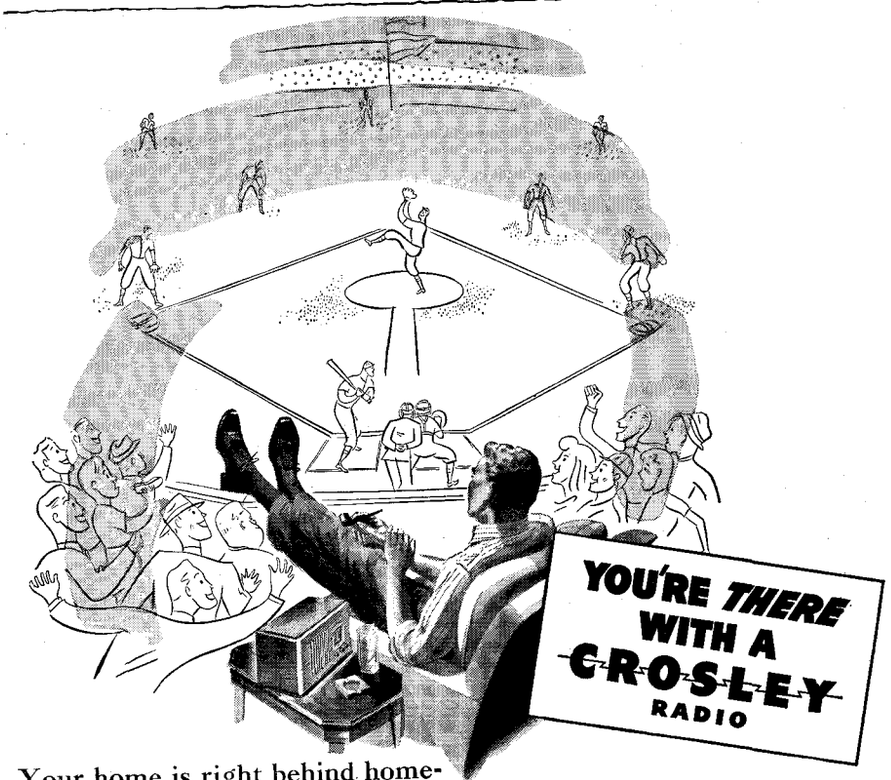

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French cross between *Who's Who* and the *Social Register* which must have prompted them, when they realized that Colonel Balsan was the owner of a balloon, to get up a special cut of a balloon for his benefit and to reproduce it not only opposite his name but also in the list of *Décorations, Titres,* and *Signes divers* in the front of the book. Now that France is a Fascist State, with a gun in its ribs, I suppose these small transportation distinctions will be obliterated. Nevertheless, it is this consideration for the individual, typically French and flourishing even in the unlikely soil of a standard annual volume of reference, that makes me hope *Tout Paris* will continue to come out, perhaps as an underground publication. As for Colonel Balsan, who presumably was unable to pack his balloon on the Clipper, I suggest that his brothers-in-law, Harold and William K. Vanderbilt, buy him a new one at once, and that the *Social Register* take suitable pictorial notice of this in its next edition.

—Geoffrey T. Hellman

•

COLD COMFORT

My heart sinks down when I behold
Pale consommé that shakes with cold;

And if the cup that chills precedes
Pink salmon oozing frosty beads,

I concentrate on what must follow,
Feeling, the meantime, pretty hollow.

The next course comes, my pulses
quicken;
It's iceberg lettuce hugging chicken,

While serried trays of frozen paste
Delight the eye and kill the taste.

Dear hostess, listen. I don't care
If your dessert is liquid air,

I want hot food that has a flavor;
A bowl of split-pea soup I crave or

Thick red steak with rice and peas
That no cook ever learned to freeze.

We grant your icebox is the best,
Let's give the kitchen stove a test!

For though cold victuals may be smart,
Fame cannot hide their humble start,

And personally I'd rather melt
Than be glacéed inside my belt.

—Hortense Flexner

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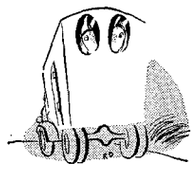
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Jersey Nights

IF some foresighted gentleman had taken motion pictures of the 1939 Monmouth County Horse Show, he might have shown them in an air-cooled theatre last week and spared a lot of people the discomforts of the heat wave at Rumson Road. This year's Monmouth exhibition had the same horses, riders, committee members, and spectators who were on hand last summer. The only difference was that this time there were night sessions, at which quite a few people turned up in evening clothes.



Mrs. F. Woodson Hancock's big bay, Bond Street, won the hunter championship for the second straight year. He defeated some fine horses, including Mrs. Rufus C. Finch's Fitz Lee, who won the title at the Westchester Country Club a week earlier; Patricia du Pont's Kingvulture, Mrs. F. A. Straus's Grey Simon, and Deborah Rood's Dublin Venture.

Since Bond Street was riden throughout the show by Mrs. Edgar Scott of Philadelphia, I felt uneasy every time he went over a fence, for although Mrs. Scott is an excellent horsewoman and has done some notable riding on Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney's great gray, Lincoln, she is what the insurance companies call a bad risk. Last year she broke her nose in a show-ring spill; in 1938, while hunting with W. Plunket Stewart's Cheshire Hounds, she broke five bones in her back; and in 1937 she fractured her skull in a Happy Hill point-to-point race. She used to be an aviator, like her sister, Charlotte Ives Montgomery, but gave up flying because, she said, it was too dangerous.

I HOPE more horse shows go in for night sessions; the lights add a lot of gaiety and apparently don't disturb the horses. Certainly, Freddy Wettach's Plymouth Rock, who is a mixture of thoroughbred and Percheron, was not hampered; if anything, the lights seemed to stimulate him. Plymouth Rock had the jumper championship cinched after only two days of competition. The runner-up to Plymouth Rock was Dr. E. J. Laing's chestnut mare, Royal Lassie, a chunky little animal who was bred in Radnor and used to have a mean disposition. Dr. Laing is Master of the Bristol Fox Hounds in Pennsylvania, and several seasons ago he improved Royal Lassie's temper by the uncommon method of working her about forty miles every hunting day, sending her on twenty-mile drag hunts from which she would return just in time to go out with the regular hounds. Now she's as docile as can be.

Donald Sutherland won the high-jumping competition, which wound up at Monmouth County after earlier installments at Huntington-Crescent and the Westchester Country Club, riding his own fourteen-year-old High Tide, a former Missouri work horse who was shipped East some years ago to be sold as a wagon-puller. Sutherland, who is in the trucking business with his father in Brooklyn, found High Tide while looking over a batch of work horses for the firm. He took a fancy to the animal and taught him to jump. At the Westchester show, High Tide cleared a seven-foot rail, and at Rumson he won the event with a jump of five feet nine inches. I'm not too sure that the recent revival of high jumping is a good thing, even if it does give the crowds a thrill. There's too much chance for a horse to break a leg, or his rider's neck.

ALONG THE RAIL: Amory Haskell, M.F.H., who owns WBNX ("the station that speaks your language"), tuning a portable radio to one of his Spanish programs in the judges' stand at Rumson.... Rube Williams talking of plans to have Pete Bostwick, Cecil Smith, and Stewart Iglehart ride in a Red Cross charity polo game on August 3rd.... Patricia du Pont feeding sugar to Kingvulture after he had won the ladies' hunter class.... The Jerseyite in the bar tent who thought he ought to get a floor show with his fifty-cent Tom Collins.

—T. O'R.

•

It had taken him five weeks to do the hand-setting and he had trouble with the spelling of such words as resucitation.
—*From Dorothy Dunbar Bromley's column in the Post.*

Well, he's in good company.

•

Most people recover from all but one of their illnesses. This is a comforting observation.—*From "The Psychology of Human Conflict," by Edwin R. Guthrie.*

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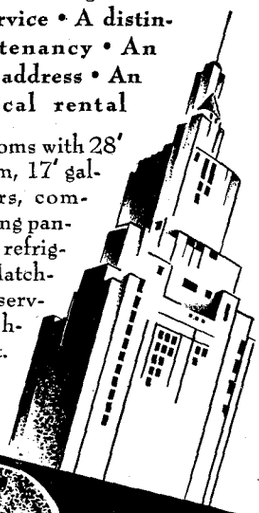

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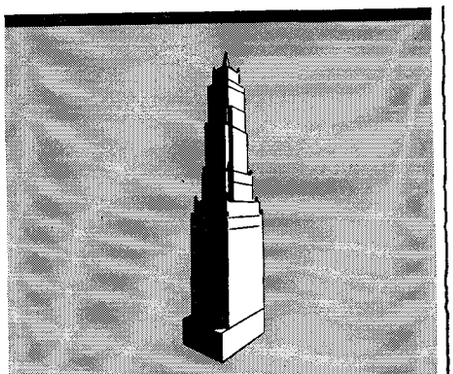

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Germans and Thespians

THAT Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy picture is here again. The title this time is "New Moon," the setting eighteenth-century New Orleans, the songs, most of them, the old Romberg standbys from the original stage production. The total effect on the average moviegoer will, I believe, be a dull, persistent feeling of irritation. After much pondering, I have concluded that the trouble with the MacDonald-Eddy cycle is that these two are given songs too negligible for their old-fashioned concert-hall technique, and acting assignments beyond their abilities. For twelve years, ever since the first talkie was produced, reviewers have been assuring producers that the plot of a musical show really doesn't matter, and the producers, though they have never departed from the traditional implausible plot, have given it more and more importance in their musical pictures. Tap-dancers and coloraturas are now shown dispiritedly wrestling with dramatic material equal in weight—though not in significance, probably—to the fifth act of "Othello."

IT'S quite an experience to attend a showing of a German war film in Yorkville. Last week I went up there to see "Feldzug in Polen," a feature-length compilation of newsreels which purports to tell the story of the German campaign in Poland. It would appear that the Germans have been taking pictures closer to the scenes of action than anything that has yet come through to us from the Allies, with the exception of Arthur Menken's excellent material on the evacuation of Norway. There are many closeup shots of German equipment—tanks of different sizes, field artillery, and planes. And many, many glimpses of Hitler. In Yorkville, it is etiquette to applaud these.

The most instructive part of the exhibition was the reaction of the audience. I take it that these people were Nazi sympathizers, because they cheered and applauded every appearance of Hitler and the swastika flag; so, by extension, I think it is fair to call their reactions typical of Nazi Germany. Here on the screen, related gloatingly and with no discernible doubt that the affair was not completely glorious, was the story of one of the most shameful episodes in history—not merely the capture but the methodical destruction of a small country by a large one. Here were Hitler and Göring posing as generals who share the hardships of their soldiers, when they knew that Germany's superiority in numbers and equipment made them safe as kittens under a stove. If an American general ever posed like that, an American audience would have laughed, spontaneously, war or no war. Nobody in the Ninety-sixth Street Theatre laughed, though. One of the closing shots of "Feldzug in Polen" was of civilian prisoners taken at the fall of Warsaw. The men had surrendered, the war was won, and all the civilian combatants, of course, were to be shot. The Yorkville audience booed and laughed at them. That's the spirit that wins wars, all right.

MANOA, in the South Seas, was a veritable paradise on earth until the white man came. The maidens strode the beaches unashamed in their simple sarongs, with only a high-tension girdle and a Maiden Form brassière beneath. Then came the white man, in search of "production background." He photographed the waterfalls, the moonlit beaches, the volcano, and the sea. Woe, woe! Then he took his production background back to Hollywood and pasted in front of it a melodrama called "South of Pago Pago," with Frances Farmer, Olympe Bradna, Victor McLaglen, and Jon Hall. Woe, woe! I don't suppose the rôle of Ruby, the Shanghai floozy who was redeemed by her love for a native boy, could have been made credible even by the best actress in the world (Ann Sheridan), but Miss Farmer, of all people, should never have attempted it. Victor McLaglen turns in an adequate performance as Victor McLaglen.

WITH Hollywood supposedly about to sound the knell of the "double feature," and consequently of the "B picture," the filler-in, I dropped in on three such productions—"Millionaires in Prison," "Girls of the Road," and "Cross Country Romance"—to see if we could get along all right without them. We can.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

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SEE AMERICA FIRST

IT was one of those super-service stations which have a ladies' lounge, with a few discouraged chairs in it and a flat, hard couch too dirty to lie on. Something had gone wrong with the generator after supper, so we had stopped, and while my husband and the mechanic worked over it, I thought I would try to rest, as we still had a long drive ahead of us that evening. In the ladies' room I found a young girl, sitting in a wicker rocking chair, nursing a baby.

She was thin and brown and obviously tired, but the baby looked fine. His hair was yellow and curly, and under the layer of grime his cheeks were pink and round.

"Isn't he cunning?" I said, because you have to say something.

"Ain't he a buster?" the girl said. The baby, attracted by the sound of my voice, looked around at me and stopped nursing. "Come on, kid," the girl said. "Down the hatch." She turned his head back toward the source of supply. "Finish it up, kid," she said. "It's good, I made it myself."

She looked up at me and laughed, to make sure that I got it. "I used to say that in front of my husband," she said, "and, boy, did it make him mad! I don't know why, he wasn't any sissy, but he just didn't think it was the thing to say. I think it's funny, myself. Don't you?"

"Why, yes," I said, "I guess it is funny." Something about her tenses troubled me, and since we seemed to be fairly intimate already, I asked her, "You mean he isn't with you any longer? Your husband, I mean."

"Him? Lord, no, I ain't seen him in a year." She saw the look on my face and added, "That was my first baby I used to say that to, when it made my husband mad. Not this one."

She looked no more than eighteen. "How old is he now?" I asked.

"Five months."

"No, I mean the first baby."

"Oh, him. He died. This one's five months. He's cute, isn't he?"

"A buster," I agreed. "Are you going far with him tonight?"

"Me? I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying right here." The baby had stopped nursing and was almost asleep. She got up slowly, moving with care so as not to shake the drowsiness out of him, and walked across the room. On the floor was a cheap suitcase, open and half filled with shabby belongings. She put the baby down in the deep side of the suitcase, covered him with a coat that had been folded in the other side, and sat on her haunches, looking down at him. He slept almost at once.

The girl got up, stretched, and turned to me with a pleasant and sociable smile.

"Now I can relax," she said, with the gracious-hostess manner of a suburban matron who has just finished tucking the little darlings in their little cribs.

"You mean you're going to stay *here?*" I said.

"Guess I'll have to now. I was trying to make it into Sandusky. There's a real nice place there and I know the fella in charge, but I had a long wait about twenty miles back, and it got dark before I figured on it, and the last ride I got left me right here. So here I stay. No use trying for a lift after dark, even with a baby. They think it's a trick or something."

"You mean you're *walking?*"

"Walking?" she said, and laughed. "I should say I'm not walking. Those days are gone forever. I haven't had to walk more than a mile altogether since the baby came—since he started to show, for that matter."

"But where is it you have to get to?" I said. "Isn't there somebody who'd lend you the money? It doesn't cost so much on the bus. I'd think some organization would be glad—"

"I don't have to get anywhere," she said, and I knew from her face that she was offended. "I'm just travelling."

"Oh!" I said. We sat in silence for a moment. "And the baby?" I began again cautiously. "How does he like it?"

"Him? He likes it fine. He's got an itch on his heel, just like his ma." She looked down at the suitcase tenderly. "Funny thing about him. You'll laugh when I tell you. He was born in a service station."

I did not laugh, but she did, slapping her thigh at the hilarious memory.

"Boy, was that fella scared!" she said. "Not that I meant to play a trick like that on him, fella I'd never seen before. Wasn't even a chain station, just a little dinky place he owned himself. I had a friend with me—that was a good thing—this girl I travelled with. We were heading in for Kansas City. There's a Salvation Army there where they take awful good care of you, with a hospital and everything. Well, we'd had a real long lift in an old Ford, and I was pretty tired, and when this guy in the Ford stopped for gas I said I guessed we'd wait and rest a while, so he went on. So we came in the ladies'—little bit of a dump it was—and the first thing I knew, there I was with the baby!" She laughed again. "Boy, was I surprised! But you should of seen the guy that owned the station!"

"What happened?" I said. "What did you do?"

"You won't believe it," she said earnestly, "but they took care of me just like I was the Queen of England. This guy phoned the police in the next town, about two miles away, and they came for me with an ambulance, and they took me to the hospital, and I got more darned attention than any dame in any private room. A reporter came in to see me, a real nice fella, and there I was with my picture in the paper and the baby's too, and everybody in town taking up a collection for me. Boy!"

"That was wonderful," I said. "People are nice, aren't they?"

"You don't even realize it," she said, "till you start travelling. When I stayed home with my husband I thought the world was against us, I did for a fact. I wouldn't of thought anybody would've lifted a hand for me. Believe me, I found out! Why, they kept me in that hospital even when I wasn't sick any more. Three weeks they kept me there, with a bed of my own and three meals a day and a nurse taking care of the baby, and they didn't expect a doggone cent. And a woman in the town there said she'd give me a job. I could work for my keep and the baby's as long as I wanted."

"And you wouldn't do it?"

She raised her eyebrows. "I should do somebody's housework? When I can keep on travelling?"

"But the baby," I said. "He ought to be getting cereal, and orange juice, and later on vegetables, and cod-liver oil—"

Her face set into lines of stubbornness and disbelief. "Babies drink milk," she said.

"But later on he'll need so many things—"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Then we'll get 'em," she said. "What's the

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difference now? Now he drinks milk."

"Diapers?" I said faintly.

She grinned. "That worried me at first," she said, "till I found out there isn't a woman in the country won't find a piece of clean rag you can have if you tell her it's to use for a baby's pants. And you don't have to wash 'em out, either. Throw 'em away and forget about 'em."

I HEARD the horn of our car and I knew I had to go.

"If there's anything I could do for you—" I began.

She smiled agreeably. "That's mighty nice," she said. "If it was morning, I'd be glad to ride along a piece with you, but it's so late I guess we'll just stay here. It was nice seeing you, though."

I took a dollar bill from my bag and put it on the table. "Buy a little something for the baby," I said.

"I will," she said. "I certainly will." She seemed pleased but not surprised.

"Goodbye," I said.

"Goodbye," she said graciously. "Good travelling."

—ADELINE RUMSEY

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DEPARTMENT OF GRATUITOUS INFORMATION

(Courtesy of the Funny Coincidence Department)

The Ramparts We Watch

SIRS:

I keep hearing out here rumors about a moving picture called *The Ramparts We Watch* which has been made by the MARCH OF TIME. If there has been any mention of this in TIME I have missed it. Should like very much to know 1) if there is such a movie and 2) where & how it is likely to be released.

CLARE R. ELLINWOOD

Tucson, Ariz.

There is such a picture. For the announcement of its release see p. 58.—ED.
—*Time, July 1st.*

The Ramparts We Watch

SIRS:

I am a student member of the R.O.T.C. at the University of Vermont and naturally am interested in U.S. ramparts.

Sometime ago at home I read that the MARCH OF TIME was planning to release a film called *The Ramparts We Watch.*

I realize that a great many people object to war pictures but the MARCH OF TIME is so well known for its accuracy, thoroughness and sincerity that I know that most people will appreciate its honest opinion.

Has this picture been released yet and if so where can we see it?

FRANKLIN FOWLER

Burlington, Vt.

The film is now finished. For first announcement of it, see page 94.—ED.
—*Life, July 1st.*

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BOOKS

Three from England

THESE days, I have been discovering with a certain rueful surprise, one develops a tenderness for "unimportant" writing. Somehow, when big things smash there vanishes that secret sense of guilt you feel in admiring small ones. I suppose the small ones are more appealing because they seem to have a minor kind of permanence, the permanence of the unnoticeable. It is hard to think that the British Empire may fall, but harder still to think that Blake's tiger, burning bright in the forests of the night, may darken with it. Some trifles survive tragedies; by this sign one knows they are not trivial.

Jan Struther's "Mrs. Miniver" is a small book of sketches about very small things. But it is not trivial. She is sentimental, playful, domestic, as was Charles Lamb. (Her material is so clearly cousin to that of the gentle Elia and her style so obviously simplified from that of the lady who wrote "Mrs. Dalloway" that one is sorely tempted to put her down as a Lamb in Woolf's clothing.) Her Mrs. Miniver is a British lady, fortyish, the possessor of three appealing children, a husband she still likes to look at over the breakfast table, a sense of humor, admirable literary taste (John Donne and *The New Yorker*), and an eye and a heart for such matters as the evanescent beauty of fireworks, the satisfaction you derive from having your predecessor do all the work in getting you through a revolving door, the sound a windshield-wiper makes (it's "beef tea," Mrs. Miniver thinks), and Punch-and-Judy shows. Nor is Mrs. Miniver above reflections on such standard English topics as the first day of spring, country-house visits, the "unevenness" of most married couples, and difficulties with the drains.

I do not deny a certain oversweet gentility about Mrs. Miniver, a too comfortable delight in the prospect of a good tea, complete with "honey sandwiches, brandy-snaps, and small ratafia biscuits." But underneath this domestic sentiment, this ladies' home journalism, lie perceptions, not at all original but deeply humane and humorous. Mrs. Miniver, like Charles Lamb, will place a gentle hand on your elbow and bid you stop to observe something quite insignificant, and lo! it is not insignificant at all.

These thirty-six sketches were written under the shadow of approaching war. Mrs. Miniver's reflections and observations involve gas masks as well as a visit to the dentist, refugee children as well as Christmas shopping. Her touch does not vary; it is always light, humorous, tinged with the mildest melancholy, but, light as it is, it is never superficial. That touch, the touch of Lamb, even of Shakespeare in a minor mood, is one of those indefinable things, quite unimportant, that Englishmen and Englishwomen are fighting and dying for at the moment. And Jan Struther, though she doesn't talk about it, makes you feel that, too.

SORRY I can't ticket C. S. Forester's "To the Indies" as a worthy successor to his classic "Captain Horatio Hornblower," but it's a sound enough upper-grade adventure story, recounted with the engaging and intelligent restraint that is Mr. Forester's hallmark. His hero is again a middle-aged man, a non-glamour boy, but this time it is a Spanish lawyer, Don Narciso Rich, who accompanies Christopher Columbus on his 1497 voyage to "the Indies." Mr. Forester is fond of the ironic contrast that lies in a heroic soul concealed by an unheroic exterior; Don Narciso is plump, unmilitary, not especially brave. Yet in a crisis (and there's a crisis about every fifty pages) he proves himself superior to the cutthroat hidalgos who form Columbus's entourage.

The interest of the story is twofold. There's the level of pure adventure—a fight with an alligator, a Caribbean tornado, an expedition into the Orinoco jungle, a Robinson Crusoe episode. Then, as always with Forester, there's a deeper level for which the action functions merely as crafty camouflage. In this case it's the juxtaposition of Don Narciso and Columbus. Columbus represents the medieval man. A great navigator, he is still marooned in the Sargasso Sea of superstition and religious fanaticism. A prey to geographical wishful thinking, he stands in clear contrast to the rational Don Narciso, who dimly feels in himself the age of science still ahead of him, whose mind works fearfully yet busily with ideas that are to lead to the chronometer and the cal-

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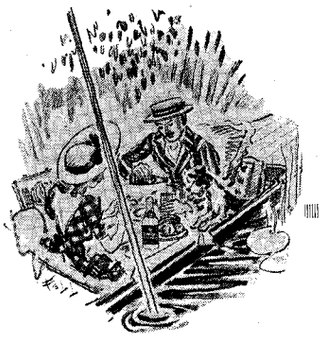
That Feeling For The Finer Things—



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culation of longitude, who cannot accept Columbus's fixed idea that what we know as South America is really Cathay, who rebels, though impotently, against the Spanish treatment of the Indian natives.

The portrait of Columbus is not overconvincing, but that of Don Narciso is well studied, if too pat. The whole book may perhaps be put down as a minor effort. Mr. Forester has bigger things in him than "To the Indies."

FOR Norman Collins' "Gold for My Bride" one reserves the admiration, awed but rather amused, one feels before an absolutely perfect reproduction. His book is not a parody of the late-Victorian novel, not even an imitation of it. It is a re-creation so unerring as to be seemingly as good (and bad) as the real thing. That it should have been written with such complete fidelity to the sombre, dark-mahogany tone of the moral English fiction of fifty years ago is testimony to Mr. Collins' almost magical power of abstracting himself from the tragic obsessions of his own time. Indeed, though "Gold for My Bride" is utterly humorless, though it deals with thoroughly unattractive people and has as its themes greed, vulgar ambition, selfishness, and crime, it strikes me as a perfect escape book. What I mean is that its moral world—the moral world of English commercialism and puritanism from 1890 to about 1910—seems as alien to our own world as the purely fanciful universe of, let us say, Pelléas and Mélisande.

Mr. Collins' central character, John Marco, commits the crime of robbery in order to get money so that he may marry Mary Kent. Instead he is forced into a loveless marriage with the morbid Hesther Croome, who has knowledge of his theft. To escape his unhappiness, John Marco plunges into a career of ruthless money-making. In the end, however, his sin catches up with him and he dies, a poor and lonely man. This absurd moral melodrama is recounted as if there were not a trace of absurdity in it.

It's the stuff our grandparents fed on with serious absorption and it is a tribute to Mr. Collins' skill as a story-teller that we can read his period piece with even a little of the fascination they must have felt for its originals. You don't "believe" in these monofacial characters and this grim intensifying of the guilt-and-remorse theme any more than you "believe" in a perfect reproduction of a Rembrandt. But you

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have to admit that the man who did the reproduction is clever. So is Mr. Collins. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

COUNTRY GROWTH, by August Derleth. Pleasant, neighborly short stories of Wisconsin farm life. Mr. Derleth's background is first-rate: a prairie town on a spring evening, wild geese honking, the hot, heavy smell of grain. His characters are mostly sober, industrious Germans, although now and then a humorist like his Great-Uncle Joe livens things up. In fact, Great-Uncle Joe, whether he is taking a nephew on a bicycle trip—mostly by train—or outwitting an AAA agent who wants him to kill a perfectly good hog, is worth the price of admission all by himself.

LOVERS' MEETING, by Lady Eleanor Smith. Superior rental fiction about Lord Barradale and the minx Martina, who's on the exotic side. Lady Eleanor Smith has fashioned her romance on "Berkeley Square" lines, with the action fading back into Beau Brummell's London. Harmless, well-patterned flummery.

ATTACK!, by Leland Jamieson. In Mr. Jamieson's short novel an enemy fleet, on the way to establish a base in a South American country, is overtaken and completely routed by a vastly inferior force of American aircraft. How We Won the War may be ready to eclipse Boy Gets Girl as the subject for fiction.

CANDLES IN THE NIGHT, edited by Joseph L. Baron, with a preface by Carl Van Doren. Twenty-three "Jewish tales by Gentile authors," mostly translated from various languages and infused with much-needed sympathy and tolerance. The stories are of unequal merit, however, and naturally gain nothing in value either from being all "Jewish tales" or all "by Gentile authors."

FLIGHT SURGEON, by Cameron Rogers and Herman E. Halland. A complicated, fast-moving novel about a pilot who is also a doctor, an old curmudgeon of a commanding officer, and a beautiful girl. The doctor's best friend, who is very, very brave, gets the girl, but the doctor gets a decoration for gallantry, so everything turns out all right.

GENERAL

AMERICA, INCORPORATED, by Leo Huberman. Economic history of the

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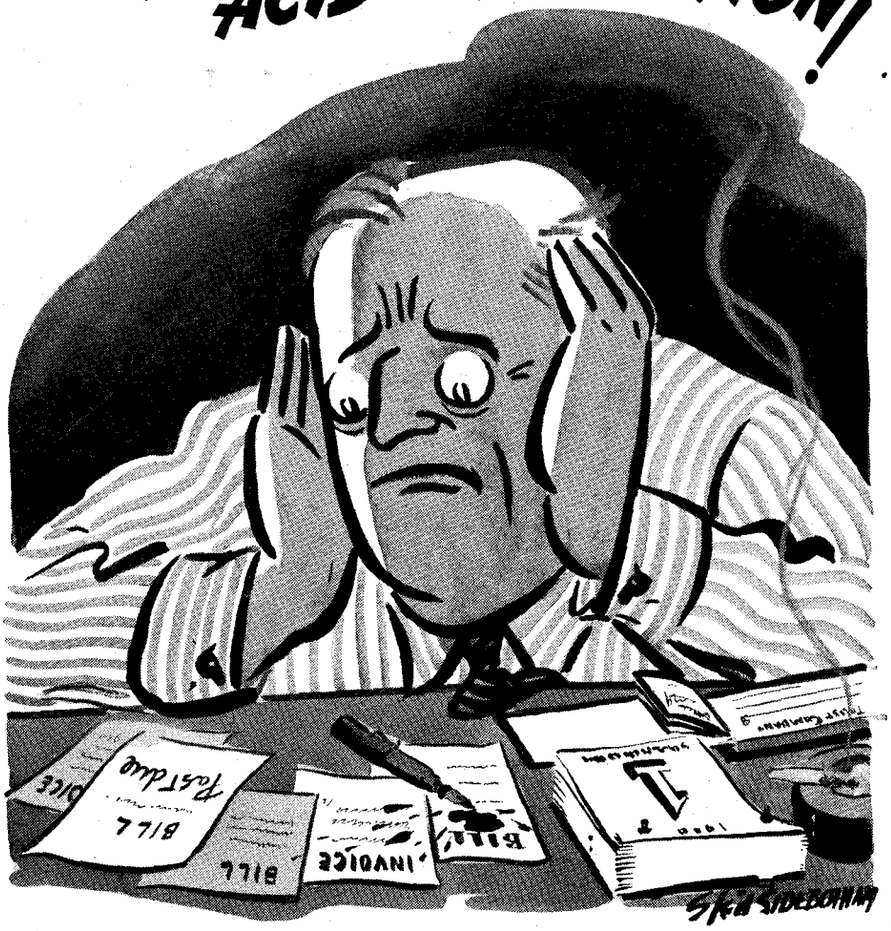

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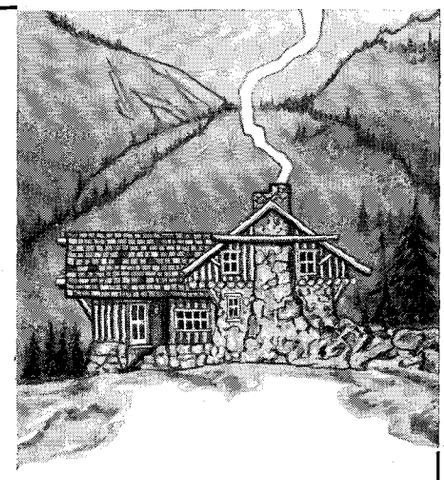

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United States since 1860, by the labor editor of *PM*. More than half the book is devoted to an analysis of the New Deal, which the author considers merely a reshuffle. A lively and conscientious interpretation from an already somewhat old-fashioned Leftist viewpoint. Charts and tables.

BEHIND THE SURGEON'S MASK, by James Harpole. The pseudonymous author of "Leaves from a Surgeon's Case-Book," a well-known Harley Street practitioner, gives us twenty-one new tales of lives saved by surgery and modern drugs. Tiptop storytelling. You can breeze through it without a qualm, too.

WHERE ARE THE CUSTOMERS' YACHTS?, by Fred Schwed, Jr., illustrated by Peter Arno. Mr. Schwed, who has been tangled up with Wall Street for quite some time, takes "a good hard look" at it and reports his wry findings in a manner that may convulse those of you who haven't been too badly nicked yourselves. Mr. Arno's caricatures match Mr. Schwed's wit, which has a base of perfect seriousness.

PEAKS AND LAMAS, by Marco Pallis. First-rate account of two English expeditions to the Himalayas, including much fresh material on Tibetan customs and lamas. Maps, plus 95 superb photogravure reproductions, one in color.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEAD OF NIGHT, by Kurt Steel. The stars incline but can't compel, even when they have a publisher believing in them. Hank Hyer, the best of the mystery sleuths, and his assistant, Orson Quick, former bellhop, have zodiac trouble when Nathan Thayer disappears. They travel from New York to the Adirondacks and back to Long Island in a successful effort to separate superstition from the facts of death. Clever stuff, and smooth as a greased pig.

•

Work of reconditioning the trail will be carried out by the United States Forest Service as a result of please by California Horsemen, Inc.—*Pasadena Independent.*

Pretty please?

•

NON SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[*From the Villager*]

Dr. Burris Jenkins preached the baccalaureate sermon, and I expect it was very impressive because his son, Burris Jr., is a newspaper man right here in New York.

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Star of Stars to wish upon

SOME people wish for beauty in a motor-car, some for comfort. Some wish for safety, some for room • And the simplest way to make all these wishes come true is to choose a car with a 1940 Body by Fisher • This ultramodern beauty is the longest, widest, strongest Unisteel Turret Top Body that Fisher craftsmen ever built • Here you ride more amply protected by double paneled solid steel walls—you ride more conveniently sheltered by crank-controlled Fisher No Draft Ventilation. Here, too, you relax in more room than ever—on seats of sofa-softness • And here Planned Vision gives you a more expansive, clear-eyed view of scenery and traffic • So it's only natural the value-wise are saying, "The buyword for '40 is Body by Fisher"—which means a General Motors car, of course.

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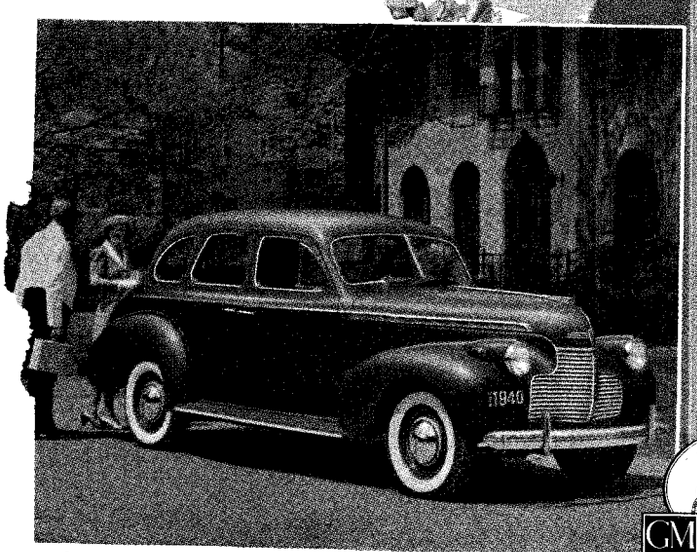
"CHEVROLET'S FIRST AGAIN" *in more ways than one. And that also goes for its new Body by Fisher. It gives the Chevrolet* SPECIAL *De Luxe sedan shown here a front seat and windshield that are wider than ever; a 10% larger back window; and Hi-Test Safety* Plate *Glass not only in the windshield, but in all door windows and Ventipanes as well.*



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